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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fiftieth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays

NEWPORT TENT, No. 13, Knights of Maccabees—George A. Peckham, Commander; Charles S. Crandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Bruce Butterton, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss H. M. Danahy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Harry L. Burbidge, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBONE LODGE, No. 33, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Mrs. J. J. Sullivan; Secretary, Kittie G. Curley. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—David Davis, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William E. Langley; Everett L. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 3rd Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 161—Robert B. Munroe, chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen was held on Thursday evening, when several important matters were brought up, although the session was not a long one. The weekly pay rolls of the various departments were approved without much comment. In response to a request from President Engel of the Congregation Jeshuat Israel it was voted that the salary of the rabbi should be paid weekly instead of monthly. Mr. Engel also spoke of needed repairs at the synagogue and in the cemetery and Mayor Clarke appointed Aldermen Cottrell and Kane a committee to investigate the matter with power to act. The Enterprise Steamship Company petitioned for permission to drive spiles on the south side of the city dock and for permission to land there on Sundays, the customary wharfage being paid by the company. The matter was referred to the street commissioner.

Chief Engineer Kirwin of the fire department reported on the matter of purchasing fire nets for the use of the department. He said that two styles had been submitted, one for $75 and the other for $100. In response to queries he said that fire nets could only be operated by a large force of trained men and unless the firemen were accustomed to their use there was much danger to the men themselves. He thought the department ladders ample for the saving of lives and the matter of purchasing nets was dropped.

In executive session the board received the report of the tax collector with a list of delinquent taxes for 1906. This report had been submitted by direction of the board and it was carefully considered but nothing was announced to the public.

The steamer Frank Jones of the Enterprise Line collided with the steamer Rhode Island of the Neptune Line while the latter was lying at her dock in Fall River early Thursday morning. The Frank Jones was approaching the wharf to make a landing when through a mistake in the signals she suddenly dashed full speed into the Rhode Island. The damage to the latter is estimated at some $20,000 but the Frank Jones received only slight injuries.

Colonel John Hare Powel was re-elected president of the Ninth Regiment Veteran Association at their annual reunion, which was held at Rocky Point Thursday.

The annual picnic of the Sunday school of Emmanuel Church was held at Island Park on Wednesday.

Torpedo Maneuvers.

There were night maneuvers of the torpedo boat flotilla at the entrance to the bay Monday evening, the Stringham Stockton, Thornton, Shubrick, and DeLong being engaged. Just after dark the Stringham which is the flagship of the flotilla, signalled the others to get under way and all of the boats went outside of the harbor, into the darkness of the ocean.

One of the boats was sent ahead at full speed to get away from the others for the purpose of being used as the attacking ship, and was to endeavor to steal in upon the rest of the flotilla, which took up its position outside of the harbor mouth and cruised about, using its searchlights to sweep the horizon for the enemy's ship. The torpedo boat that had been sent to sea was picked up almost as soon as she attempted to steal in upon the other boats. After a short fight the boat was declared captured and the whole flotilla returned to Newport about 11 o'clock.

D. A. R. Conference.

The summer conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Rhode Island will be held in Newport on August 29, the anniversary of the Battle of Rhode Island. The Daughters throughout the State will be the guests of William Ellery Chapter of Newport, Mrs. David T. Pinniger, regent. The meeting will be held in the State House and the Senate chamber will then be used for the first time after its improvements. The whole upper floor of the State House will be used on this occassion, as the Daughters throughout the State number over nine hundred. There will be literary exercises, consisting of addresses, readings and singing. The State officers will receive and a collation will be served.

Abstract of Game Laws.

The State Commissioners for the protection of birds and other animals in Rhode Island have published an abstract of the laws now operative. These can be obtained from the Bird Commissioner for County of Newport, Mr. A. O'D. Taylor, at his office, 132 Bellevue Avenue, free of charge, on personal application there.

They are in two forms: one that of a large placard suitable for hanging up in stores and in places of public resort; the other in the shape of a small double folding card, for the pocket. The latter are of course most suited for sportsmen, whether professional or amateurs, and for all those interested in the protection of birds and in the shooting of game within legal months.

The Washington County Fair.

The annual fair of the Washington County Agricultural Society is to be held on September 17, 18, 19 and 20. This is one of the best fairs held in Rhode Island and all the State generally attends.

The funeral of Miss Julia E. Leddy, who died at her home on John street on Sunday, took place at St. Mary's Church, Tuesday morning, when a solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Meenan, assisted by Rev. Fathers Reddy and Tierney. The church was filled with relatives and friends and there were many beautiful floral offerings.

Mr. David Davis rescued a little girl from drowning at Ann street pier on Tuesday. Mr. Davis was passing the pier in a boat when he saw the child fall into the water. He immediately jumped from the boat and in a few minutes landed the little one safe and sound on the pier.

Old Home Week in Providence and in Boston both begin on Sunday. Many Newporters are planning to take in some of the celebrations during the evenings of the week, and there has been considerable talk of running daily excursions from Boston to Newport during the carnival.

Newport harbor has been somewhat busier in appearance this week. There have been a number of battleships in and smaller craft, including the Olympia which brought a detail of naval cadets from Annapolis.

There was a memorial service at the Training Station last Sunday in honor of the dead of the battleship Georgia. Chaplain William G. Cassard presided and preached an eloquent sermon.

Mrs. William G. Peckham and her daughter, Mrs. Frank E. Manchester, are spending the summer at Camp Comfort in Middletown.

Mr. Eugene Brown of New York is spending his vacation with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Brown, in Middletown.

Mr. Edward Hammett of Chicago is visiting his brother, Mr. Clarence A. Hammett.

To Open Stone Bridge.

It is expected that the new Stone Bridge will open to full traffic to-day (Saturday) after the island has been separated from the mainland for more than two years. The leaves have been thoroughly tested and found to work well and there seems to be no reason why electric cars and other vehicles as well as foot passengers should not be able to pass freely across the bridge.

That the farmers of the Island towns and the officials of the Old Colony Street Railway will be delighted at the completion of the work goes without saying. Ever since the bridge was closed the matter of getting from the Island to the mainland has presented a serious problem. One of the Saunders ferry boats has been operated there to convey vehicles and passengers, but this has proved a great inconvenience and expense. The farmers and the railroad have both suffered from the tax inflicted upon them and the railroad has suffered an interference with its service and consequent falling off of traffic from what it ought to have been.

All this will be at an end when the bridge is again opened. The street railway is preparing to put on a faster service just as soon as possible. A fifteen minute schedule will be put on during the busy part of the day and the trolley express which is now covering the most of Massachusetts will also be extended to Newport. Island Park will doubtless see a big boom as soon as the improved service is inaugurated.

The new bridge appears to be well worth the money that it cost, although it does not seem to have accomplished one of the ends sought. It was expected that when the channel was widened by the new spans the current would run through less swiftly but experience has shown that if anything there is more current there than before, this being accounted for by the fact that the tidal flow has been diverted from the other channels.

The draw proper is in the form of two leaves which are raised on each side by electric power, being nicely balanced by counterweights. The approaches are nicely macadamized and commodious board walks are laid on each side.

In all probability there will be heavy travel over the line of the Newport & Fall River Railway on Sunday if the weather is good.

There were lots of people on the street Wednesday evening for the ostensible purpose of viewing the partial eclipse of the moon. Only occasional glimpses could be obtained as the fleeting clouds obscured the moon. Some couples in the outskirts of the city seemed to be just as well satisfied when the light was hidden.

There was a long session of the District Court on Tuesday when a Tiverton case involving the rights to a certain well in the town was in order for trial. Decision was reserved. In the afternoon Private John McDermott of the Coast Artillery was tried on a charge of stealing a watch and was found not guilty.

There have been many narrow escapes reported lately owing to the overspeeding of automobiles. In the Broadway section of the city it is a frequent occurrence to see large cars running with the speed of express trains.

The residents of Newport hardly realized how much demand there was for a public ambulance until this summer. Since the new ambulance went into commission it has been kept busy a large part of the time.

There was a whist at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Jeuckes on Washington street Monday afternoon under the auspices of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution.

There has been considerable talk this summer about a possibility of a first class hotel being built by the city. Under certain conditions such a scheme would be entirely successful.

The public concerts by the Fort Adams Band under the auspices of the park commission are being largely attended. The band is rendering excellent music.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor, who have been abroad for some time, sailed on Thursday for this country, and on their arrival will come direct to Newport.

Congressman Granger attended a launching in Newport this week, a sloop in the Point section being named in his honor.

Excursion travel to Newport has begun to pick up and during the past week there have been many strangers here.

Mr. Henry Bedlow is guest of his daughter, Mrs. Frances Morris, at "Malbone."

Mr. and Mrs. Max Levy have returned from their wedding trip.

Contesting Spencer Will.

A decision of the lower court in regard to the will of the late Charles Griswold Spencer has been reversed by the French court of appeals this week, and the case has taken on a different aspect. The latest decision sets aside the judgment granting the Princess de Vicovaro possession of the estate in France. Mr. Spencer appears to have left two wills, one dividing his estate equally between his brothers and his sister, and the other leaving all to his sister.

The latest decision, in the opinion of the attorneys for the brothers, destroys any possibility of the princess' asking the surrogate's court in New York, where the entire legal contest will now be transferred, to probate the holographic will of 1898 in her favor, on the ground that this will was held to be valid in France. They contend that the princess will be compelled to ask for the probate of this will on its merits as against the will of 1882, which divides the property equally between the brothers and the sister. The brothers are seeking to have this will probated. Nevertheless, there is involved a fine question of law regarding domicile, and many depositions of experts in French law have been taken before Consul General Mason for use in the legal contest in New York.

The brothers will attack the testamentary capacity of Charles Griswold Spencer in 1899, because in 1895 he telegraphed an announcement of his own death from Paris, and later sent a telegram to his brother Lorillard instructing him to commit suicide.

William Augustus Spencer and Lorillard Spencer appealed against the decision of the lower French court which gave their sister, the Princess de Vicovaro, possession of the estate of the late Charles Griswold Spencer, a brother of the two appellants and of the princess. Mr. Spencer died in Paris last November, leaving an estate of about $2,000,000. The brothers set forth that the French courts had no jurisdiction.

There was a large crowd of visitors in the city last Sunday, making the busiest day of the season thus far. Carriages and drags were kept busy all day. There was a large crowd at the beach and bathing was very popular. The season has so far advanced now that every Sunday should bring crowds to Newport if the weather is favorable. The weather has been so unusually fine during the month of July that some people fear that August may not be so good.

The prolonged drought has made great demands upon the Newport Water Works this summer and the new pump at the station has to be kept in action 16 hours out of the 24. The daily consumption of water averages over 5,000,000 gallons.

Mr. and Mrs. Theophilus Topham have announced the engagement of their daughter, Miss Madeline Ferris, to Mr. Frederic Phelps Blint of New York City, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Blint of Syracuse, N. Y.

Miss Betsey Maitland is convalescing from her recent severe illness.

Middletown.

The present potato crop is turning out to be small and poor, owing to a lack of rain and there will be no raspberry crop unless there is more moisture, as the berries are shrivelling up on account of the drought. Very few of the brooks contain any water at all and cisterns are giving out.

The members of the Methodist Church will hold their annual picnic on Wednesday of next week on the Wilbar estate on Indian Avenue, where it has been held several years in succession.

Jamestown.

Master Willie Sweet, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Homer Sweet, is ill with diphtheria at his home on the Island.

The regular monthly meeting of the town council and court of probate was held Monday afternoon. A large number of bills were allowed and ordered paid. The petition of the overseers of the poor for an appropriation for the support of one of the town's poor was granted. The application of Stillman Saunders for the granting of two licences for automobiles, buses, etc., was laid on the table after a lengthy discussion. Junk licenses were granted to David Gray and Samuel Richter, and Aaron Richardson was granted two driver's licenses.

Councilman Clarke was appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Wright in regard to the placing of poles on certain highways.

The town treasurer was authorized to hire $7,000 for six months. Considerable other business was also transacted.

In the court of probate the will of J. B. Briggs was probated and the petition of W. B. Gill was denied.

Payton R. Hazard was appointed custodian of the estate of Della C. Hazard with bonds at $15,000.

The first account of H. T. Knowles and C. T. Knowles on the estate of W. H. Knowles was received and referred to the next meeting.

The inventory of the estate of John B. Landers was received and ordered recorded.

Recent Deaths.

Edward M. Neill.

Colonel Edward M. Neill died at his residence on Old Beach road last Sunday night after having been in poor health for some time. He had been ailing for some months but at times his condition improved so that he was able to be out. Of late his condition had seemed to be somewhat worse but his death came very suddenly at the last. During the day he had recognized those around him and had answered intelligently when spoken to.

Although not a native Newporter, Col. Neill had been for more than thirty years a resident here and had become closely identified with the city. He was born in New York nearly seventy-six years ago, being a descendant of a prominent family there. At the beginning of the Civil War he received a commission and served throughout the great conflict, during which time he saw much active service. He was assigned to the staff of several of the prominent general officers and was for quite a time chief of the staff of General A. E. Burnside. Shortly after the close of the war he came to Newport to reside, occupying a handsome residence, "Longacre," on Old Beach road.

Col. Neill was very well known throughout the city where he had passed so many years. He was of a genial, companionable disposition and had a host of friends. He had been for a number of years president of the Newport Reading Room and was one of its most active members. He was a pew-holder at Trinity Church and a regular attendant there. He was a member of Gen. G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R., and was connected with the Masonic fraternity, being a member of a lodge in New York. He took an active interest in municipal affairs, although he had never held public office.

He is survived by a widow and two daughters, Mrs. Walter N. Eldridge and Miss Katherine Neill.

Funeral services were held at Trinity Church Thursday morning and were attended by a large gathering of friends, representing members of the summer colony, business men and persons in all ranks of life. The service was delayed for a long time, owing to the absence of Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, who had been expected to officiate, and after much trouble Rev. E. deS. Juny of St. John's was secured and the service went on. The bearers were James V. Parker, John Austin Stevens, George Peabody Wetmore, Frederick Sheldon, Henry Redmond, DeLancy Kane, Daniel B. Fearing, Thomas P. Peckham, John Hare Powel, and Lois L. Lorillard. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery in Portsmouth.

Mrs. Owen Reagan.

Mrs. Catherine Reagan, widow of Mr. Owen Reagan, died at her residence on Pope Street on Sunday. As advancing years approached, her health was not as good as in former years, but her condition was not considered of a serious nature, so when death came it was a great shock to her relatives and friends. Mrs. Reagan was a native of Ireland, but had resided in Newport for nearly 30 years and during that time had made a host of friends. She was a member of St. Mary's Church and took a deep interest in the welfare of that parish. She was a kind hearted woman and will be greatly missed by all who knew her.

Three sons and a daughter survive her: Messers Patrick J., Thomas H. and James F. Reagan and Mrs Michael Carroll, all of this city.

Funeral services were held at St. Mary's Church Wednesday morning and were largely attended, Rev. Father Tierney officiating. There were many beautiful floral tributes. The bearers were Messrs John Murray, John Shea, John Ring, Thomas Maguire, John Morrissey and P. J. Cashley. The interment was in the family lot at East Greenwich, R. I.

Mrs. Erastus P. Allan.

Mrs. Sarah E. Allan, widow of Mr. Erastus P. Allan, died at her home on Park street Wednesday evening. She was ill at the time of Mr. Allan's death, some months ago, but improved considerably until about three weeks ago, when she suffered an ill turn, and since that time her sickness has been of a serious nature. She was a woman of high character and had a most pleasing personality. She had made a host of warm friends, who sympathize with her children in their bereavement. Mrs. Allan was a member of the United Congregational Church, where she was an active worker as long as she was able, having been prominently associated with many charitable works connected with the church.

Mrs. Allan was a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Barker. Two daughters survive her: Miss Katherine P. Allan and Miss Eliza S. Allan; also a sister, Miss Charlotte Barker.

Middletown.

Grinnell-Peckham.

On Saturday evening, July 20th, at 6 o'clock, Miss Mary Elizabeth Peckham, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham, was married to Mr. Charles Leroy Grinnell, son of Mrs. R. J. Grinnell, at the home of the bride's parents in Middletown. The ceremony took place in the dining room, which had been made into a bower of green and white, and was witnessed by relatives and intimate friends only. Large and small palms and asparagus ferns made a very pretty alcove in which the ceremony took place. Rev. H. H. Critchlow officiated.

The bride entered the room on the arm of her brother, Mr. Christopher T. Peckham. She was prettily gowned in a dress of white silk trimmed with Duchess lace and wore a long tulle veil. Her bouquet was of white sweet peas. At the alcove they were met by Mr. Clairmont Grinnell and Miss Claribel Grinnell, Miss Grinnell acting as maid of honor, wearing a dress of white, with trimmings of pink. She carried a bouquet of pink sweet peas. Miss Lizzie T. Peckham, a sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid. She wore a dress of white, with blue trimmings, and carried a bouquet of white sweet peas.

The house was profusely decorated with cut flowers, palms and potted plants. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Grinnell left amid a shower of rice for Providence where they will reside. They will be at home after October 1st at No. 30 8th street.

The bride was the recipient of many beautiful and useful gifts.

The marriage of Miss E. Marian Perry, only daughter of Mrs. C. Louise Perry of Cambridge, Mass., and granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elisha Clarke Peckham, of Middletown, to Mr. J. Perry Graham of Boston, will take place at St. Columba, The Berkeley Memorial Chapel, early in September.

The Rev. H. H. Critchlow, who has been enjoying a week's vacation at East Greenwich, returned on Saturday last and has resumed his duties at the M. E. church.

The ladies of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society held their annual business meeting on Thursday afternoon of last week at the vestry of the Methodist Church. The following officers were elected: Miss Sarah M. Ward, president; Mrs. H. H. Critchlow, vice president; Mrs. Isaac Peabody, corresponding secretary; Miss Ellen Smith, recording secretary; Mrs. Ida M. Brown, treasurer; board of managers and program committee, Mrs. H. H. Critchlow, Mrs. Isaac Peabody, and Mrs. E. A. Peckham; Miss Sarah M. Ward; superintendent of "Standard Bearers." Owing to the continued illness of Miss Ellen Smith's father and her inability to be present at the meetings, an assistant recording secretary was appointed, Mrs. E. A. Peckham, who will serve during the enforced absence of Miss Smith, who has filled this office with much faithfulness for many years.

The subject of "Home Missions and Church Extension" was presented in a very able and interesting manner last Sunday afternoon at the M. E. Church by Dr. Alpha S. Kynett of Dubuque, Iowa. The purpose of this work is "to intrench and advance Christianity and Patriotism," and includes two great fields, evangelistic and church building. The evangelistic work is intended to reach all classes of people, including all foreign elements, for the Christian Church by its teachings must protect the National Government against the incoming Anarchism and every phase of anti-Christ. In the church building department nearly 16,000 churches have been aided in a little more than a generation. The Board of Home Missions and Church Extension has aided churches in every state, territory, and insular possession under the National flag, including Hawaii, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, as well as appropriating funds for special work and property; for colored and white work in the South, and for non-English-speaking work in different parts of the country, which takes in foreigners of any and all nationalities.

Lumber has already been carted for the new Parish House of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel and the work of excavating for the foundation is well under way, having been begun on Monday last.

Many admirers of the beautiful grounds at "Brothden," on the East Shore, have greatly appreciated the fact that Mr. Hall, of Philadelphia, the present owner of this noted estate, has restored the windmill, at the water's edge, which has been so long a landmark along shore. The windmill has been falling into decay for many years and last year was very nearly demolished during a thunderstorm.

St. Columba's Guild was entertained on Friday afternoon at Gray Craig by Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark.

Through the courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. J. Mitchell Clark, the beautiful grounds at "Gray Craig" were thrown open on Wednesday afternoon for the parish picnic at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel and a large number availed themselves of the privilege of enjoying this beautiful spot. The weather was perfect, the foliage and flowers at their best and Mr. and Mrs. Clark did everything in their power for the entertainment of their guests, so that everyone had a good time. The picnic was held near "The Willow Drive," refreshments being served from a table beneath the trees. A number of fire balloons were sent up late in the afternoon and the little folks were taken by Mr. Clarke for short rides about the grounds in a small donkey cart, much to their delight and to the amusement of those who looked on. Among the Newport guests were Mrs. and Miss Zabriskie, Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, Jr., and her sister, Miss Sands, Miss Mary Josephs, and others. Mrs. Eugene Sturtevant and her daughter, Miss Mary Sturtevant, were in charge of the refreshments.

Martin Hewitt, Investigator.

The Loss of Sammy Crockett.

By ARTHUR MORRISON.

Published by Arrangement With Harper & Brothers.

IT was, of course, always a part of Martin Hewitt's business to be thoroughly at home among any and every class of people and to be able to interest himself intelligently, or to appear to do so, in their various pursuits. In one of the most important cases ever placed in his hands he could have gone but a short way toward success had he not displayed some knowledge of the more sordid aspects of professional sport.

The great case itself had nothing to do with sport and, indeed, from a narrative point of view was somewhat uninteresting, but the man who alone held the one piece of information wanted was a keeper, backer or "gaffer" of professional pedestrians, and it was through the medium of his pecuniary interest in such matters that Hewitt was enabled to strike a bargain with him.

The man was a publican on the outskirts of Padfield, a northern town pretty famous for its sporting tastes, and to Padfield therefore Hewitt betook himself, and, arrayed in a way to indicate some inclination of his own toward sport, he began to frequent the bar of the Hare and Hounds. Kentish, the landlord, was a stout, bull necked man of no great communicativeness at first, but after a little acquaintance he opened out wonderfully, became quite a jolly (and rather intelligent) companion and came out with innumerable anecdotes of his sporting adventures. Good terms with Mr. Kentish was Hewitt's great desire, for the information he wanted was of a sort that could never be extracted by casual questioning, but must be a matter of open communication by the publican.

"Look here," said Kentish one day, "I'll put you on to a good thing, my boy—a real good thing. Of course you know all about the Padfield 135 yards handicap being run off now."

"Well, I haven't looked into it much," Hewitt replied. "Ran the first round of heats last Saturday and Monday, didn't they?"

"They did. Well"—Kentish spoke in a stage whisper as he leaned over and rapped the table—"I've got the final winner in this house." He nodded his head, took a puff at his cigar and added in his ordinary voice, "Don't say nothing."

"No, of course not. Got something on, of course."

"Rather! What do you think? Got any price I liked. Been saving him up for this. Why, he could win runnin' back'ards. He won his heat on Monday like—like—like that!" The gaffer snapped his fingers in default of a better illustration and went on: "You take my tip—back him for his heat next Saturday in the second round and for the final. You'll get a good price for the final if you pop it down at once. But don't go makin' a song of it, will you, now?"

"Thanks very much. It's awfully good of you. I'll do what you advise. But isn't there a dark horse anywhere else?"

"Not dark to me, my boy; not dark to me. I know every man runnin' like a book. Old Taylor—him over at the Cop—he's got a very good lad, and he's a tryer this time, I know, but, bless you, my lad could beat him without trying. You back him."

"I shall if you're as sure as that. But who is he?"

"Oh, Crockett's his name—Sammy Crockett. He's quite a new lad. I've got young Steggles looking after him. Sticks to him like wax. Takes his little brothers in my bit o' ground at the back here. I've got a cinder sprint path there over behind the trees. I don't let him out o' sight much, I can tell you. He's a straight lad, and he knows it 'll be worth his while to stick to me, but there's some 'ud poison him if they thought he'd spoil their books."

Soon afterward the two strolled toward the taproom. "I expect Sammy 'll be there," the landlord said, "with Steggles. I don't hide him too much—they'd think I'd got something extra on if I did."

In the taproom sat a lean, wire drawn looking youth with sloping shoulders and a thin face, and by his side was a rather short, thick set man who had an odd air, no matter what he did, of proprietorship and surveillance of the lean youth. Several other men sat about, and there was loud laughter, under which the lean youth looked sheepishly angry.

"'Tarn't no good, Sammy, lad," some one was saying, "you a-makin' after Nancy Webb. She'll ha' nowt to do with 'ee."

"What about Nancy Webb?" asked Kentish, pushing open the door. "Sammy's all right, anyway. You keep it, my lad, an' go on improving, and some day you'll have as good a house as me. Never mind the lasses. Come out now." He nodded to Steggles, who rose and marched Sammy Crockett away for exercise.

On the following afternoon (it was Thursday) as Hewitt and Kentish chatted in the landlord's own snuggery Steggles burst into the room in a great state of agitation and spluttered out, "He—he's bolted; gone away!"

"What?"

"Sammy—gone! Hooked it! I can't find him."

The landlord stared blankly at the trainer, who stood with a sweater dangling from his hand and stared blankly back. "What d'ye mean?" Kentish said at last. "Don't be a fool! He's in the place somewhere. Find him!"

But this Steggles defied anybody to do. He had looked already. He had left Crockett at the cinder path behind the trees in his running gear, with the addition of the long overcoat and cap he used in going between the path and the house to guard against chill, and when he [illegible] a bit chilly. I think I'll ha' a sweater. There's one on my box, ain't there?' So in I comes for the sweater, and it weren't on his box, and when I found it and got back he weren't there. They'd see nowt o' him in t' house, and he weren't nowhere."

Hewitt and the landlord, now thoroughly startled, searched everywhere, but to no purpose. "What should he go off the place for?" asked Kentish, in a sweat of apprehension. "'Twin't chilly a bit. It's warm. He didn't want no sweater; never wore one before. It was a piece of kid to be able to clear out. Nice thing, this is. I stand to win two years' takings over him. Here, you'll have to find him."

"Ah, but how?" exclaimed the disconcerted trainer, dancing about distractedly. "I've got all I could scrape on him myself. Where can I look?"

Here was Hewitt's opportunity. He took Kentish aside and whispered. What he said startled the landlord considerably. "Yes, I'll tell you all about that," he said, "if that's all you want. It's no good or harm to me whether I tell or no. But can you find him?"

"That I can't promise, of course. But you know who I am now and what I'm here for. If you like to give me the information I want, I'll go into the case for you, and of course I shan't charge any fee. I may have luck, you know, but I can't promise, of course."

The landlord looked in Hewitt's face for a moment. Then he said: "Done! It's a deal."

"Very good." Hewitt replied. "Get together the one or two papers you have, and we'll go into my business in the evening. As to Crockett, don't say a word to anybody. I'm afraid it must get out, since they all know about it in the house, but there's no use in making any unnecessary noise. Don't make hedging bets or do anything that will attract notice. Now we'll go over to the back and look at this cinder path of yours."

Here Steggles, who was still standing near, was struck with an idea. "How about old Taylor, at the Cop, guv'nor, eh?" he said meaningly. "His lad's good enough to win with Sammy out, and Taylor is backing him plenty. Think he knows anything o' this?"

"That's likely," Hewitt observed before Kentish could reply. "Yes. Look here. Suppose Steggles goes and keeps his eye on the Cop for an hour or two in case there's anything to be heard of. Don't show yourself, of course."

Kentish agreed, and the trainer went. When Hewitt and Kentish arrived at the path behind the trees, Hewitt at once began examining the ground. One or two rather large holes in the cinders were made, as the publican explained, by Crockett in practising getting off his mark. Behind these were several fresh tracks of spiked shoes. The tracks led up to within a couple of yards of the high fence bounding the ground, and there stopped abruptly and entirely. In the fence, a little to the right of where the tracks stopped, there was a stout door. This Hewitt tried and found ajar.

"That's always kept bolted," Kentish said. "He's gone out that way—he couldn't have gone any other without comin' through the house."

"But he isn't in the habit of making a step three yards long, is he?" Hewitt asked, pointing at the last footmark and then at the door, which was quite that distance away from it. "Besides," he added, opening the door, "there's no footprint here nor outside."

The door opened on a lane, with another fence and a thick plantation of trees at the other side. Kentish looked at the footmarks, then at the door, then down the lane, and finally back toward the house. "That's a licker!" he said.

"This is a quiet sort of lane," was Hewitt's next remark. "No houses in sight. Where does it lead?"

"That way it goes to the Old Kilns—disused. This way down to a turning off the Padfield and Catton road."

Hewitt returned to the cinder path again and once more examined the footmarks. He traced them back over the grass toward the house. "Certainly," he said, "he hasn't gone back to the house. Here is the double line of tracks, side by side, from the house—Steggles' ordinary boots with iron tips, and Crockett's running pumps. Thus they came out. Here is Steggles' track in the opposite direction alone, made when he went back for the sweater. Crockett remained. You see various prints in those loose cinders at the end of the path where he moved this way and that, and then two or three paces toward the fence—not directly toward the door, you notice—and there they stop dead, and there are no more, either back or forward."

Kentish stared gloomily at the tracks and said nothing.

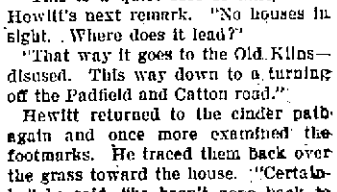
"However," Hewitt resumed, "I think I'll take a little walk now and think over it. You go into the house and show yourself at the bar. If anybody wants to know how Crockett is, he's pretty well, thank you. By the bye, can I get to the Cop—this place of Taylor's—by this back lane?"

"Yes, down to the end leading to the Catton road, turn to the left and then first on the right. Any one 'll show you the Cop," and Kentish shut the door behind the detective, who straightway walked—toward the Old Kilns.

In little more than an hour he was back. It was now becoming dusk, and the landlord looked out papers from a box near the side window of the snuggery for the sake of the extra light. "I've got these papers together for you," he said, as Hewitt entered. "Any news?"

"Nothing very great. Here's a bit of handwriting I want you to recognize, if you can. Get a light."

Kentish lit a lamp, and Hewitt laid upon the table half a dozen small pieces of torn paper, evidently fragments of a letter which had been torn up.



The landlord turned the scraps over, regarding them dubiously. "These aren't much to recognize anyhow. I don't know the writing. Where did you find 'em?"

"They were lying in the lane at the back, a little way down. Plainly they are the pieces of a note addressed to some one called Sammy or something very like it. See the first piece, with its 'mmy?' That is clearly from the beginning of the note, because there is no line between it and the smooth, straight edge of the paper above; also, nothing follows on the same line. Some one writes to Crockett—presuming it to be a letter addressed to him, as I do for other reasons—as Sammy. It is a pity that there is no more of the letter to be found than these pieces. I expect the person who tore it up put the rest in his pocket and dropped these by accident."

Kentish, who had been picking up and examining each piece in turn, now dolorously broke out:

"Oh, it's plain he's sold us—bolted and done us. Me as took him out o' the gutter too! Look here—'throw them over.' That's plain enough. Can't mean anything else. Means throw me over and my friends—me after what I've done for him! Then 'right away'—go right away, I s'pose, as he has done. Then"—he was fiddling with the scraps and finally fitted two together—"why, look here! This one with 'lane' on it fits over the one about throwing over, and it says 'poor f' where it's torn. That means 'poor fool,' I s'pose—me—or 'futhead' or something like that. That's nice! Why, I'd twist his neck if I could get hold of him, and I will!"

Hewitt smiled. "Perhaps it's not quite so uncomplimentary, after all," he said. "If you can't recognize the writing, never mind. But if he's gone away to sell you it isn't much use finding him, is it? He won't win if he doesn't want to."

"Why, he wouldn't dare to rope under my very eyes. I'd—I'd"—

"Well, well, perhaps we'll get him to run, after all, and as well as he can. One thing is certain—he left this place of his own will. Further, I think he is in Padfield now. He went toward the town, I believe. And I don't think he means to sell you."

"Well, he shouldn't. I've made it worth his while to stick to me. I've put a fifty on for him out of my own pocket and told him so, and if he won that would bring him a lump more than he'd probably get by going crooked, besides the prize money and anything I might give him over. But it seems to me he's putting me in the cart altogether."

"That we shall see. Meantime don't mention anything I've told you to any one, not even Steggles. By the bye, Steggles is indoors, isn't he? Very well, keep him in. Don't let him be seen hunting about this evening. I'll stay here tonight, and we'll proceed with Crockett's business in the morning. And now we'll settle my business, please."

In the morning Hewitt took his breakfast in the snuggery, carefully listening to any conversation that might take place at the bar. Soon after 9 o'clock a fast dogcart stopped outside, and a red faced, loud voiced man swaggered in, greeting Kentish with boisterous cordiality. He had a drink with the landlord and said: "How's things? Fancy any of 'em for the sprint handicap? Got a lad o' your own in, haven't you?"

"Oh, yes," Kentish replied; "Crockett. Only a young un not got to his proper mark yet, I reckon. I think old Taylor's got No. 1 this time."

"Capital lad," the other replied, with a confidential nod. "Shouldn't wonder at all. Want to do anything yourself over it?"

"No, I don't think so. I'm not on at present. Might have a little flutter on the grounds just for fun; nothing else."

There were a few more casual remarks, and then the red faced man drove away.

"Who was that?" asked Hewitt, who had watched the visitor through the snuggery window.

"That's Danby, bookmaker. Cute chap. He's been told Crockett's missing, I'll bet anything, and come here to pump me. No good, though. As a matter of fact, I've worked Sammy Crockett into his books for about half I'm in for altogether—through third parties, of course."

Hewitt reached for his hat. "I'm going out for half an hour now," he said. "If Steggles wants to go out before I come back, don't let him. Let him go and smooth over all those tracks on the cinder path very carefully. And, by the bye, could you manage to have your son about the place today in case I happen to want a little help out of doors?"

"Certainly; I'll get him to stay in. But what do you want the cinders smoothed for?"

Hewitt smiled and patted his host's shoulder. "I'll explain all my little tricks when the job's done," he said, and went out.

On the lane from Padfield to Sedby village stood the Plough beer house, wherein J. Webb was licensed to sell by retail beer to be consumed on the premises or off as the thirsty list. Nancy Webb, with a very fine color, a very curly fringe and a wide smiling mouth revealing a fine set of teeth, came to the bar at the summons of a stoutish old gentleman in spectacles who walked with a stick.

The stoutish old gentleman had a glass of bitter beer and then said to the peculiarly quiet voice of a very deaf man, "Can you tell me, if you please, the way into the main Catton road?"

"Down the lane, turn to the right at the crossroads, then first to the left."

The old gentleman waited with his hand to his ear for some few seconds after she had finished speaking and then resumed in his whispering voice, "I'm afraid I'm very deaf this morning." He fumbled in his pocket and produced a notebook and pencil. "May I trouble you to write it down? I'm so very deaf at times that I— Thank you."

The girl wrote the direction, and the old gentleman bade her good morning and left. All down the lane he walked slowly with his stick. At the crossroads he turned, put the stick under his arm, thrust the spectacles into his pocket and strode away in the ordinary guise of Martin Hewitt. He pulled out his notebook, examined Miss Webb's direction very carefully and then went off another way altogether toward the Hare and Hounds.

Kentish lounged moodily in his bar.

"Well, my boy," said Hewitt, "has Steggles wiped out the tracks?"

"Not yet. I haven't told him. But he's somewhere about. I'll tell him now."

"No, don't. I don't think we'll have that done after all. I expect he'll want to go out soon; at any rate, some time during the day. Let him go whenever he likes. I'll sit upstairs a bit in the clubroom."

"Very well. But how do you know Steggles will be going out?"

"Well, he's pretty restless after his lost protege, isn't he? I don't suppose he'll be able to remain idle long."

"And about Crockett. Do you give him up?"

"Oh, no! Don't you be impatient. I can't say I'm quite confident yet of laying hold of him—the time is so short, you see—but I think I shall at least have news for you by the evening."

Hewitt sat in the clubroom until the afternoon, taking his lunch there. At length he saw, through the front window, Reggy Steggles walking down the road. In an instant Hewitt was downstairs and at the door.

All the way to Padfield town and more than half through it Hewitt dogged the trainer. In the end Steggles stopped at a corner and gave a note to a small boy who was playing near. The boy ran with the note to a bright, well kept house at the opposite corner. Martin Hewitt was interested to observe the legend, "H. Danby, Contractor," on a board over a gate in the side wall of the garden behind this house. In five minutes a door in the side gate opened, and the head and shoulders of the red faced man emerged. Steggles immediately hurried across and disappeared through the gate.

This was both interesting and instructive. Hewitt took up a position in the side street and waited. In ten minutes the trainer reappeared and hurried off the way he had come, along the street Hewitt had considerately left clear for him. Then Hewitt strolled toward the smart house and took a good look at it. At one corner of the small piece of forecourt garden, near the railings, a small, baize covered, glass fronted notice board stood on two posts. On its top edge appeared the words "H. Danby. Houses to be Sold or Let." But the only notice pinned to the green baize within was an old and dusty one, inviting tenants for three shops.

Hewitt pushed open the front gate and rang the doorbell. "There are some shops to let, I see," he said when a maid appeared. "I should like to see them, if you will let me have the keys."

"Master's out, sir. You can't see the shops till Monday."

"Dear me, that's unfortunate! I'm afraid I can't wait till Monday. Didn't Mr. Danby leave any instructions?"

"Yes, sir—as I've told you. He said anybody who called about 'em must come again on Monday."

"Oh, very well, then. I suppose I must try. One of the shops is in High street, isn't it?"

"No, sir; they're all in the new part—Granville road."

"Ah, I'm afraid that will scarcely do. But I'll see. Good day."

Martin Hewitt walked away a couple of streets' lengths before he inquired the way to Granville road. When at last he found that thoroughfare, in a new and muddy suburb, crowded with brick heaps and half finished streets, he took a slow walk along its entire length. It was a melancholy example of baffled enterprise. A row of a dozen or more shops had been built before any population had arrived to demand goods. Would be tradesmen had taken many of these shops, and failure and disappointment stared from the windows.

There was little difficulty in identifying the three shops offered for letting by Mr. H. Danby. They were all together near the middle of the row and were the only ones that appeared not yet to have been occupied. A dusty "To Let" bill hung in each window with written directions to inquire of Mr. H. Danby or at No. 7. Now, No. 7 was a melancholy baker's shop, with a stock of three loaves and a plate of stale buns. The disappointed baker assured Hewitt that he usually kept the keys of the shops, but that the landlord, Mr. Danby, had taken them away the day before to see how the ceilings were standing and had not returned them.

To the Hare and Hounds Hewitt's pace was brisk. "Come," he said as he met Kentish's inquiring glance, "this has been a very good day, on the whole. I know where our man is now, and I think we can get him by a little management."

"Where is he?"

"Oh, down in Padfield. As a matter of fact, he's being kept there against his will we shall find. I see that your friend Mr. Danby is a builder as well as a bookmaker."

"Not a regular builder. He speculates in a street of new houses now and again, that's all. But is he in it?"

"He's as deep in it as anybody, I think. Now, don't fly into a passion. There are a few others in it as well, but you'll do harm if you don't keep quiet."

"But go and get the police; come and fetch him, if you know where they are keeping him. Why"—

"So we will, if we can't do it without them. But it's quite possible we can, and without all the disturbance and perhaps delay that calling in the police would involve. Consider, now, in reference to your own arrangements. Wouldn't it pay you better to get him back quietly, without a soul knowing—perhaps not even Danby knowing—till the heat is run tomorrow?"

"Well, yes, it would, of course."

"Very good, then; so be it. Remember what I have told you about keeping your mouth shut; say nothing to Steggles or anybody. Is there a cab or brougham your son and I can have for the evening?"

"There's an old hiring landau in the stables you can shut up into a cab, if that'll do."

"Excellent. We'll run down to the town in it as soon as it's ready. But, first, a word about Crockett. What sort of a lad is he? Likely to give them trouble, show fight and make a disturbance?"

"No, I should say not. He's no plucked un, certainly. All his manhood's in his legs, I believe."

"Very good, so much the better, for then he won't have been damaged, and they will probably only have one man to guard him. Now the carriage, please."

Young Kentish was a six foot sergeant of grenadiers home on furlough and luxuriating in plain clothes. He and Hewitt walked a little way toward the town, allowing the landau to catch them up. They traveled in it to within a hundred yards of the empty shops and then alighted, bidding the driver wait.

"I shall show you three empty shops," Hewitt said, as he and young Kentish walked down Granville road. "I am pretty sure that Sammy Crockett is in one of them, and I am pretty sure that that is the middle one. The shops at each side of the three are occupied, and if the prisoner struggled or shouted or made an uproar he might be heard if he were in one of the shops next those inhabited, so that the middle shop is the most likely. Now, see there," he went on as they stopped before the window of the shop in question, "over at the back there's a staircase not yet partitioned off. It goes down below and up above. On the stairs and on the floor near them there are muddy footmarks. These must have been made today else they would not be muddy, but dry and dusty, since there hasn't been a shower for a week till today. Move on again. Then you noticed that there were no other such marks in the shop. Consequently the man with the muddy feet did not come in by the front door, but by the back. Otherwise he would have made a trail from the door, so we will go around to the back ourselves."

It was now growing dusk. The small pieces of ground behind the shops were bounded by a low fence, containing a door for each house.

"This door is bolted inside of course," Hewitt said, "but there is no difficulty in climbing. I think we had better wait in the garden till dark. In the meantime the jailer, whoever he is, may come out. In which case we shall pounce on him as soon as he opens the door. You have that few yards of cord in your pocket, I think, and my handkerchief properly rolled will make a very good gag. Now over."

They climbed the fence and quietly approached the house, placing themselves in the angle of an outhouse, out of sight from the windows. There was no sound and no light appeared. Just above the ground about a foot of window was visible, with a grating over it, apparently lighting a basement. Suddenly Hewitt touched his companion's arm and pointed toward the window. A faint rustling sound was perceptible, and, as nearly as could be discerned in the darkness, some white blind or covering was placed over the glass from inside. Then came the sound of a striking match, and at the side edge of the window there was a faint streak of light.

Hewitt took a stone from among the rubbish littering the garden and flung it crashing through the window. There was a loud exclamation from within, the blind fell, and somebody rushed to the back door and flung it open. Instantly Kentish let fly a heavy right hander, and the man went over like a skittle. In a moment Hewitt was upon him and the gag in his mouth.

"Hold him," Hewitt whispered hurriedly. "I'll see if there are others."

He peered down through the low window. Within Sammy Crockett, his bare legs dangling from beneath his long overcoat, sat on a packing box, leaning with his head on his hand and his back toward the window. A guttering candle stood on the mantelpiece, and the newspaper which had been stretched across the window lay in scattered sheets on the floor. No other person besides Sammy was visible.

They led their prisoner indoors. Young Kentish recognized him as a public house loafer and race course ruffian, well known in the neighborhood.

"So it's you, is it, Browdie?" he said. "I've caught you one hard clump and I've half a mind to make it a score more. But you'll get it pretty warm one way or another before this job's forgotten."

Sammy Crockett was overjoyed at his rescue. He had not been ill treated, he explained, but had been thoroughly cowed by Browdie, who had from time to time threatened him savagely with an iron bar by way of persuading him to quietness and submission. He had been fed and had taken no worse harm than a slight stiffness from his adventure, due to his light under attire of jersey and knee shorts.

Sergeant Kentish tied Browdie's elbows firmly together behind and carried the line round the ankles, bracing all up tight. Then he ran a knot from one wrist to the other over the back of the neck and left the prisoner trussed and helpless on the heap of straw that had been Sammy's bed.

"You won't be very joyful, I expect," Kentish said. "I don't suppose you'll be disturbed till some time tomorrow unless our friend Danby turns up in the meantime. But you can come along to jail instead if you prefer it."

They left him where he lay and took Sammy to the old landau. Sammy walked in slippers, carrying his spiked shoes, hanging by the lace, in his hand.

"Ah," said Hewitt, "I think I know the name of the young lady who gave you those slippers."

Crockett looked ashamed and indignant. "Yes," he said, "they've done me nicely between 'em, but I'll pay her—I'll"—

"Hush, hush!" Hewitt said. "You mustn't talk unkindly of a lady, you know. Get into this carriage, and we'll take you home. We'll see if I can tell you your adventures without making a mistake. First, you had a note from Miss Webb telling you that you were mistaken in supposing she had slighted you and that, as a matter of fact, she had quite done with somebody else—left him—of whom you were jealous. Isn't that so?"

"Well, yes," young Crockett answered, blushing deeply, under the carriage lamp. "But I don't see how you come to know that."

"Then she went on to ask you to get rid of Steggles on Thursday afternoon for a few minutes and speak to her in the back lane. Now your running

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.)

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The Hair Under the Microscope.

Placed under a powerful microscope, the hair shows a surface covered with strong, coarse, jagged teeth and more strongly resembles a course, rough rasp. Dealers in human hair can tell in a moment whether the locks offered them have been cut off or combed out. They do this by rubbing the hairs through their fingers. If the hair has been cut from the head and has not been misplaced, it remains in its original position. If it has been pulled or combed out and put together regardless of the direction in which it grew, one portion of it will slip to the right and the other to the left. It does this because the jagged edges engage upon each other and pull in opposite directions. The philosophy of this is demonstrated by drawing a hair first one way then the other through the fingers, which slip easily toward the point, while considerable resistance is felt when the fingers are drawn from the point toward the end next the head.

Uses For Fruit Seeds.

The seeds or stones of many fruits which would apparently seem useless have some economic value, and in this connection we are speaking chiefly of those which are often thrown away, passing over many that are applied to ornamental uses. In certain parts of Egypt date stones are boiled to soften them, and the camels and cattle are fed upon them. They are calcined by the Chinese and are said to enter into the composition of their india ink. In Spain they are burned and powdered for dentifrice, and vegetable ivory nuts are said to be applied to the same purposes. Some species of attalea nuts are burned in Brazil to blacken the raw caoutchouc or india rubber. The seed or stone of the tamarind is sometimes prescribed in India in cases of dysentery as a tonic and in the form of an electuary.

More Important.

"Did I understand you to say," asked Mrs. Chatters, "that your husband had no vocation?"

"Worse than that," replied the minister's wife. "I said he'd had no vacation."—Philadelphia Press.

MARTIN HEWITT

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

pumps, with their thin soles, almost like paper, no heels and long spikes, hurt your feet horribly if you walk on hard ground, don't they?"

"Ay, that they do—enough to cripple you."

"Well, she knew this—I think I know who told her—and she promised to bring you a new pair of slippers and to throw them over the fence for you to come out in."

"I s'pose she's been tellin' you all this?" Crockett said mournfully. "You couldn't ha' seen the letter; I saw her tear it up and put the bits in her pocket. She asked me for it in the lane in case Steggles saw it."

"Well, at any rate, you sent Steggles away, and the slippers did come over, and you went into the lane. You walked with her as far as the road at the end, and then you were seized and gagged and put into a carriage."

"That was Browdie did that," said Crockett, "and another chap I don't know. But—why, this is Paddield High street! They told me it was Newstead Hatch. They drove for about three or four hours and kept me down on the floor between the seats, so as I couldn't see where we was going."

"Done for two reasons," said Hewitt—"first, to mystify you and prevent any discovery of the people directing the conspiracy, and, second, to be able to put you indoors at night and unobserved. But there is the Hare and Hounds just in front. We'll pull up here, and I'll get out and see if the coast is clear. I fancy Mr. Kentish would rather you came in unnoticed."

In a few seconds Hewitt was back, and Crockett was conveyed indoors by a side entrance. Hewitt's instructions to the landlord were few, but emphatic. "Don't tell Steggles about it," he said. "Make an excuse to get rid of him, and send him out of the house. Take Crockett into some other bedroom, not his own, and let your son look after him. Then come here, and I'll tell you all about it."

Sammy Crockett was undergoing a heavy grooming with white embrocation at the hands of Sergeant Kentish when the landlord returned to Hewitt. "Does Danby know you're got him?" he asked. "How did you do it?"

"Danby doesn't know yet, and with luck he won't know till he sees Crockett running tomorrow. The man who has sold you is Steggles."

"Steggles?"

"Steggles it is. At the very first, when Steggles rushed in to report Sammy Crockett missing, I suspected him. You didn't, I suppose?"

"No. He's always been considered a straight man, and he looked as startled as anybody."

"Yes, I must say he acted it very well. But there was something suspicious in his story. What did he say? Crockett had remarked a chilliness and asked for a sweater, which Steggles went to fetch. Now, just think. You understand these things. Would any trainer who knew his business (as Steggles does) have gone to bring out a sweater for his man to change for his jersey in the open air, at the very time the man was complaining of chilliness? Of course not. He would have taken his man indoors again and let him change there under shelter. Then supposing Steggles had really been surprised at missing Crockett, wouldn't he have looked about, found the gate open and told you it was open when he first came in? He said nothing of that—we found the gate open for ourselves."

"But, if Steggles was selling us, why couldn't he have drugged the lad? That would have been a deal simpler."

"Because Steggles is a good trainer and has a certain reputation to keep up. It was much the safer thing to connive at kidnaping. That put all the active work into other hands and left him safe even if the trick failed. Now, you remember that we traced the prints of Crockett's spiked shoes to within a couple of yards of the fence and that there they ceased suddenly?"

"Yes," said Kentish.

"But I was sure that it was by that gate that Crockett had left and by no other. As the footprints ceased where they did and were not repeated anywhere in the lane I knew that he had taken his spiked shoes off—probably changed them for something else, because a runner anxious as to his chances would never risk walking on bare feet, with a chance of cutting them. Ordinary broad, smooth soled slippers would leave no impression on the course cinders bordering the track, and nothing short of spiked shoes would leave a mark on the hard path in the lane behind. The spike tracks were leading not directly toward the door, but in the direction of the fence, when they stopped. Somebody had handed or thrown the slippers over the fence, and he had changed them on the spot. The enemy had calculated upon the spikes leaving a track in the lane that might lead us in our search and had arranged accordingly.

"So far so good. I could see no footprints near the gate in the lane. You will remember that I sent Steggles off to watch at the Cop before I went out to the back—merely, of course, to get him out of the way. I went out into the lane, leaving you behind, and walked its whole length, first toward the Old Kilns and then back toward the road. I found nothing to help me except these small pieces of paper—which are here in my pocketbook, by the bye. Of course this 'nimy' might have meant 'Jimmy' or 'Tommy' as possibly as 'Sammy,' but they were not to be rejected on that account. Certainly Crockett had been decoyed out of your ground, not taken by force, or there would have been marks of a scuffle in the cinders. And as his request for a sweater was probably an excuse—because it was not at all a cold afternoon—he must have previously designed going out. Inference, a letter received, and here were pieces of a letter.

"Now, in the light of what I have said, look at these pieces. First, there is the 'nimy,' that I have dealt with. Then see this 'throw them ov'—clearly a part of 'throw them over;' exactly what had probably been done with the slippers. Then the 'poor f,' coming just on the line before and seen by joining up with this other piece, might easily be a reference to 'poor feet.' But there is something else. Two other pieces evidently mean 'left him,' and 'right away'—send Steggles 'right away' perhaps. But there is another, containing almost all of the words 'hate his,' with the word 'hate' underlined. Now, who writes 'hate' with the emphasis of underscoring—who but a woman? Here was something more—Sammy had been enticed away by a woman.

"Now, I remember that when we went into the taproom on Wednesday some of his companions were chaffing Crockett about a certain Nancy Webb, and the chaff went home, as was plain to see. The women, then, who could most easily entice Sammy Crockett away was Nancy Webb. I resolved to find who Nancy Webb was and learn more of her.

"Meantime I took a look at the road at the end of the lane. It was damper than the lane, being lower and overhung with trees. There were many wheel tracks, but only one set that turned in the road and went back the way it came, toward the town. And they were narrow wheels—carriage wheels. Crockett tells me now that they drove him about for a long time before shutting him up. Probably the inconvenience of taking him straight to the hiding place didn't strike them when they first drove off.

"A few inquiries soon set me in the direction of the Plough and Miss Nancy Webb. I had the curiosity to look around the place as I approached, and there in the garden behind the house were Steggles and the young lady in earnest confabulation!

"Every conjecture became a certainty. Steggles was the lover of whom Crockett was jealous, and he had employed the girl to bring Sammy out. I watched Steggles home and gave you a hint to keep him there.

"But the thing that remained was to find Steggles' employer in this business. I was glad to be in when Danby called. By way of making assurance doubly sure I took a short walk this morning in the character of a deaf gentleman and got Miss Webb to write me a direction that comprised three of the words on these scraps of paper—'left,' 'right' and 'lane.' See, they correspond, the peculiar 't's,' 't's' and all.

"Now, I felt perfectly sure that Steggles would go for his pay today. In the first place, I knew that people mixed up with shady transactions in professional pedestrianism are not apt to trust one another far. They know better. Therefore Steggles wouldn't have had his bribe first, but he would take care to get it before the Saturday bets were run, because once they were over the thing was done, and the principal conspirator might have refused to pay up, and Steggles couldn't have helped himself. Again, I hinted he should not go out till I could follow him, and this afternoon when he went follow him I did. I saw him go into Danby's house by the side way and come away again. Danby it was, then, who had arranged the business, and nobody was more likely, considering his large pecuniary stake against Crockett's winning this race.

"But now how to find Crockett? I made up my mind he wouldn't be in Danby's own house. That would be a deal too risky, with servants about, and so on. I saw that Danby was a builder and had three shops to let. It was on a paper before his house. What more likely prison than an empty house? I knocked at Danby's door and asked for the keys of those shops. I couldn't have them. The servant told me Danby was out (a manifest lie, for I had just seen him) and that nobody could see the shops till Monday, but I got out of her the address of the shops, and that was all I wanted at the time.

"Now, why was nobody to see those shops till Monday? The interval was suspicious—just enough to enable Crockett to be sent away again and cast loose after the Saturday racing, supposing him to be kept in one of the empty buildings. I went off at once and looked at the shops, forming my conclusions as to which would be the most likely for Danby's purpose. Here I had another confirmation of my ideas. Danby had taken the keys away—and on Thursday, the very day—with some trivial excuse and hadn't brought them back. That was all I wanted or could expect in the way of guidance. The whole thing was plain. The rest you know all about."

"Well, you're certainly as smart as they give you credit for, I must say. But suppose Danby had taken down his 'To Let' notice, what would you have done then?"

"We had our course even then. We should have gone to Danby, astounded him by telling him all about his little games, terrorized him with threats of the law, and made him throw up his hand and send Crockett back. But as it is, you see, he doesn't know at this moment—probably won't know till tomorrow afternoon—that the lad is safe and sound here. You will probably use the interval to make him pay for losing the game—by some of the ingenious financial devices you are no doubt familiar with. But about Crockett, now. Won't this confinement be likely to have damaged his speed for a day or two?"

"Ah, perhaps," the landlord replied, "but, bless ye, that won't matter. There's four more in his heat tomorrow. Two I know aren't tryers, and the other two I can hold in at a couple of quid apiece any day. The third round and final won't be till tomorrow week, and he'll be as fit as ever by then. It's as safe as ever it was."

It was on the following Sunday week that Martin Hewitt, in his rooms in London, turned over his paper and read, under the head "Paddield Annual 135 Yards Handicap," this announcement: "Final heat, Crockett, first; Willis, second; Trewby, third; Owen, 0; Howell, 0. A runaway win by nearly three yards."

When one of the daughters of Horace Smith was going to be christened, the clergyman asked the name of the child. "Rosalind," said the father. "Rosalind, Rosalind, Rosalind!" was the reply. "I never heard such a name. How do you spell it?" "Oh," was the rejoinder, "as you like it!"

Noah Under Suspicion.

The last copy of the Ararat Journal, published three days before the flood, has recently been excavated from the top drawer of an oriental magnate's desk.

It says editorially:

"The radical utterances of old man Noah are to be strongly deprecated by all conservative citizens. Especially do we deplore his unwarranted attacks on the sin trust and its worthy board of directors.

"Aside from the fact that these gentlemen stand very high in the community, such wild denunciation and predictions of our people listened to last evening are likely to produce an unsettled conditions of affairs and damage business.

"It is generally believed that his motives are not above suspicion. In fact, those who are well informed hint that the old man has some watered and undigested stock of his own which he expects to float as soon as the sin trust is swamped."—Puck.

Gentle Persuasion.

Many stories are told of the eccentric doings and sayings of an old clergyman who lived in Maine some years ago. At one time there had been a fight among some men, one of whom was seriously hurt. A trial took place, and the old minister, who had seen the affray, was summoned as a witness.

"What was Saison doing?" was the first question.

"Oh, he was slashing around."

"Well, sir, just what do you mean by that?"

"Why, he was knocking about him here and there."

"Now, sir, kindly tell us plainly what Saison did to this man."

"Why, he—he enticed him," said the old minister slowly.

"Enticed him! How?"

"He enticed him with a crowbar. He used the crowbar to persuade the man—to entice him—and by a series of pokes and blows he succeeded in doing it," said the minister mildly.—Youth's Companion.

Mother Had the Failing Too.

The visitor had dropped in "just for a minute," but she remained about three hours after the minute was up. Little Freddie had formed several plans, the execution of which must be postponed till the departure of his mother's guest. So he sat quietly thinking things.

"Dear little man!" gushed the visitor. "And what is he thinking about so deeply?"

"I was wondering if it wasn't time for you to be going," said Freddie.

"Hush!" said his mother. Then, turning to her guest: "You mustn't be offended, Mrs. Smith. Children will go blurting out the truth without thinking. But they don't mean anything by it."

Strangely enough, it was just then that Mrs. Smith recollected that she had only three minutes in which to catch the last car home.—London Telegraph.

Try to Do This.

Take a light chair and place it with its back to the wall. Stand in front of it, facing the wall, with the toes about a foot from the front feet of the chair, and, placing one hand on each side of the chair, lean forward until the top of your head touches the wall. The problem is to lift the chair from the floor and, without moving the feet, to take the head away from the wall and stand upright. Simple as this appears, it is impossible. Very few people, as you will find, would anticipate any difficulty in doing this. Get them to try. This trick is, of course, very like the old one of standing against a wall sidewise, with the shoulder and one foot touching the wall. It is then impossible to raise the outside foot without losing one's balance and falling away from the wall.

Russian Ritual.

The christening of a Russian prince is a ceremony of a most ritualistic nature. The infant is first of all undressed and immersed three times in the font. The hair is then cut in the form of a cross, and the shorn locks, having been rolled in wax, are next dropped into the water. According as the ball sinks or floats in the font, so, says Russian superstition, does good or evil attend the child through life. The next incident in this elaborate ritual is the robing of the child in gorgeous garments, after which it is carried three times round the church, the godfathers of the imperial infant walking by its side in stately procession.

Coal Combustion.

There is enough explosive energy in a grateful of coal, if it could be liberated and controlled, to hurl a 1,000 pound projectile through a foot of solid steel. But there can be no explosion without oxygen, and the coal in the grate will not burn faster than the supply of air which reaches it will permit. If the coal could be furnished all at once with enough air to effect its complete combustion, it would explode with as great violence as if it were so much dynamite.

Her Perversity.

"Come out this evening," said Subbubs, "and I'm sure you'll get a good dinner."

"I thought you had no cook now," replied Citiman.

"She doesn't leave until tomorrow. She'll do her best this evening just to make us realize how much we'll miss her when she's gone."—Exchange.

To Hide Them.

"Why is Jones growing a beard?"

"Oh, I believe his wife made him a present of some ties."—Punch.

When there is no good within no good comes out.—Dutch Proverb.

And Hadn't Lost It.

Her Husband—You were a good looking woman when I married you. She—Yes, I had the advantage of you even then.—Brooklyn Life.

Domestic Economy.

"I see Robinson's married again—married his first wife's sister."

"Yes. He said he didn't want to have to break in another mother-in-law."—Leslie's Weekly.

Dodged the Mustard Pot.

During the rehearsals of a pantomime in a Scottish town (Glasgow, I think; Glasgow has always been an eventful place to me!) a child was wanted for the Spirit of the Mustard Pot. What more natural than that my father should offer my services? I had a shock of pale yellow hair, I was small enough to be put into the properly mustard pot, and the Glasgow stage manager would easily assume that I had inherited talent. My father had acted with Macready in the stock seasons both at Edinburgh and Glasgow and bore a very high reputation with Scottish audiences. But the stage manager and father alike reckoned without their actress! When they tried to put me into the mustard pot I yelled lustily and showed more lung power than aptitude for the stage.

"Put your child into the mustard pot, Mr. Terry," said the stage manager.

"Hang you and your mustard pot, sir," said my mortified father. "I won't frighten my child for you or any one else."

But, all the same, he was bitterly disappointed at my first dramatic failure, and when we reached home he put me in the corner to chasten me. "You'll never make an actress!" he said, shaking a reproachful finger at me.—Ellen Terry in McClure's Magazine.

Preferred the Baby's Voice.

A New York scientist, the father of a large and growing family, has his troubles. One evening his youngest was holding forth in her best style. The mother could do nothing with the child, so the man of science went to the rescue.

"I think I can quiet little Flora," he said. "There's no use humming to her in that silly way. What she wants is real music. The fact that I used to sing in the glee club at Yale and sing well, too, may make a difference."

Accordingly, the professor took the child and, striding up and down the room, sang in his best manner. He had not finished the second verse of his song when a ring was heard. The door was opened, and there stood a girl of fourteen, who said:

"I'm one of the family that's just moved into the flat next to yours. There's a sick person with us, and he says, if it's all the same to you, would you mind letting the baby cry instead of singing to it?"—Success.

A Considerate Musician.

Many stories are told of the jealousy and ill feeling among musicians, so it is refreshing to note that at least one genius did not fail in good natured appreciation of a fellow artist. It is related how Rossini, walking one day on the boulevard with the musician Braga, was greeted by Meyerbeer, who anxiously inquired after the health of his dear Rossini.

"Bad," answered the latter. "Frightful headaches, legs all wrong."

After a few minutes' conversation Meyerbeer passed on, and Braga asked the great composer how it happened that he had suddenly become so unwell.

Smilingly Rossini reassured his friend. "Oh, I couldn't be better. I merely wanted to please Meyerbeer. He would so like to see me go to smash!"—St. Louis Republic.

Why They're Trams Abroad.

"Abroad," said a tourist agent, "you must call street cars trams and street railways you must call tramways. If you speak of trolleys over there, you won't be understood. The word tram must puzzle the average etymologist. It derives from a man's name—Outram—Thomas Outram. Outram lived in Derbyshire, and in the beginning of the last century he invented a peculiar sort of track that diminished the friction between wheels and roadbeds. These tracks of Outram's, though nothing like a trolley track, were called first outramways, then tramways, and when street lines and street cars came into existence they were dubbed respectively tramways and trams."

A Crocodile in a Tree.

An African hunter once found a large crocodile hanging in the fork of a tree about ten feet from the ground. As the place was fully half a mile from any water, it was difficult to account for the crocodile's strange position. When questioned upon the subject, the natives explained that it was put there by an elephant. It seems that when the elephants wade into the Lake Ngami to bathe the crocodiles are in the habit of worrying them and biting their legs. Sometimes when an elephant is annoyed beyond endurance it picks up its tormentor in its trunk, puts it among the branches of a tree and leaves it there.—London Graphic.

Trees and the Air.

According to a reliable computation, a single tree is able through its leaves to purify the air from the carbonic acid arising from the respiration of a considerable number of men, as many as a dozen or a score. The volume of carbonic acid exhaled by a human being in the course of twenty-four hours is estimated at 100 gallons, and a single square yard of leaf surface, counting both the upper and under sides of the leaves, can decompose about a gallon of carbonic acid in a day.

A Legacy.

"What's your fare?" asked old Flintskin of his cabby the other day and was met with the stereotyped reply:

"Well, sir, I will leave that to you."

"Thank you, you are very kind," said old Flintskin, buttoning up his pockets and walking off. "You're the first person who ever left me anything yet."—London Mail.

Hard Luck.

Mrs. Dash—Mother says that she wants to be cremated. Dash—Just my luck! I haven't a match with me.—Smart Set.

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, July 27, 1907.

The lowest cost of living in the United States since 1860 was the closing years of President Cleveland's second administration.—Exchange.

Yes, and there were more people out of employment than ever before or since in the history of the country.

There is something very familiar to Newporters in the headlines that have appeared in Providence newspapers this week: "More Money Urgent for Old Home Week, Retention of Important Features Dependent Thereon, Funds Almost Exhausted." Apparently Newport is not the only place where business men have failed to rally to support the carnival system of increasing business.

The New Haven road having electrified the New York end of its system the next move is to electrify the Boston surburban portion of the system. Vice President Byrnes promises that this shall be done at the earliest possible moment. About a year from now when the Providence tunnel is done it is expected that this end of the system will be electrified, and that through trains will then be run between Newport and Providence.

Hardly a day passes without some Providence association, organization or society coming to Newport to solicit money to help out some scheme or other. If Newport people went to Providence on similar frauds how much money does any one suppose they would get? Probably Senator Wetmore gets more of these begging calls than almost of the people. But no one is allowed to escape.

Apropos of this begging business, a little matter leaked out some months ago that serves as a good illustration of the generosity of the two men. A certain organization in Providence wished to establish a retirement fund for the benefit of its disabled members. They took the subscription paper to the Democratic candidate for U. S. Senator. As he was a Providence gentleman, and a very wealthy one at that, they supposed that he would head it with a liberal donation. This he declined to do, but promised to give as liberally as any other man. They then came to Newport and sought out the Republican candidate, who without any preliminary skirmishing contributed two hundred and fifty dollars. The members went home delighted, supposing that the home man would cover it if not go him one better. But alas for their hopes! After long urging and much backing and filling the committee was compelled to content itself with a single hundred. The donor remarked that he was compelled to give away vast sums of money, which was doubtless true, as he was at that time about to finance last year's Democratic State campaign.

Some of the Southern States will need another whipping if they keep on defying United States laws. The old bogey of State's Rights crops up every little while in these States that tried the issue to their sorrow from 1861 to 65. Just now the Governor of North Carolina and his subservient court are defying the Federal Court on the question of fighting the Southern Railroad. Since that road has become a Northern institution, reorganized and put on its feet with Northern money, the Southern politician has no love for it. Recently the North Carolina legislature passed a law compelling the road to accept fare at the rate of 2½ cents a mile in this state. For not complying with the law, which the Federal Court declared unconstitutional, the road was fined $30,000.00 and two of its officials sent to the chain gang. The Federal Court ordered them released on habeas corpus and now Governor Glenn proposes to order out the State army to resist the authority of the United States. Some people never learn from experience.

Our Democratic friends in this State seem to think, or they try to make others believe they think, that because the Republican members of the General Assembly last winter were divided on the Senatorial question that they are going to be divided this year on everything. They were never more mistaken in their lives. The Republican party in this State was never more united than it is to-day. There is the utmost harmony prevailing all over the State and the opponents will find that it presents a united front to the common enemy this fall and winter. Things were so managed in the General Assembly last winter that there are very few, if any, sores to heal. The Republican majority was united on all questions but one, and they were harmonious on all questions of party policy. This fall with but one candidate for United States Senator in the field, and that one practically the unanimous choice of the Republican State Central Committee, as he will be of the Republican State Convention when held, the party has nothing to do but elect its General Assembly ticket as well as its State ticket by old fashioned majorities. The out-look for complete success this fall is brighter than it has been for many years. But it is too hot to talk politics just at present. When the middle of September comes round, it will find the Republicans of the State ready to take notice.

The Regular Army.

The total milliary forces of the United States number only a little above 61,000. About 40,000 are in the contiguous part of the United States, 12,000 are in the Philippines and 5,000 are in Cuba, with the rest distributed in Porto Rico, Alaska and other stations.

Fully 40,000 men are needed to man the coast artillery, according to Secretary Taft, while the entire artillery force, coast and field, numbers less than 20,000, including the recent accessions under the new law. The secretary believes, however, that in a war with a great naval power none of the chief ports would be attacked, but attempts would be made to land armies at unguarded spots. Thus would necessitate the raising of a big force of infantry, cavalry and field artillery to meet them. At the present time the infantry numbers a little less than 24,000 and the cavalry falls slightly short of 12,000. In a war with a great military power our chief reliance would have to be on the regular army. The militia and volunteers could not be trained quick enough to be of much use unless the war should last eight or ten months or longer.

In proportion to population the United States is weaker in its land forces than it was during the presidency of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson or Buchanan. Its army is smaller in numbers than that of any third-class power in Europe. On the water the United States stands third in strength in its fighting forces among the nations, but on land it is far down on the roll.

Need of Rest.

"It would not be surprising," says Judge Gary, of the United States Steel Corporation, "if, with the prevailing conditions, there should be some diminution in the volume of business during the remainder of this year. The business of our own company during the last six months has exceeded that of the first six months of last year, and we know that in 1906 there was a great deal of business done. I had all the presidents of our constituent companies here in New York last week for a general talk over the situation before my departure for Europe. Every one of them was exceedingly optimistic. They could see nothing ahead but sound conditions and enormous continued business.

"The business men of the United States have been doing too much business for the amount of money available to finance their needs. This applies to all classes of business, whether railroad, industrial or manufacturing, and there are signs of a recession. The contraction of business which we expect will, however, not be wholly undesirable. We have been going at too high speed. We have been pushing forward at too great pressure to increase too rapidly our volume of business. Our mills and factories have been run beyond their capacity, our men have been worked day and night, and a little let-up will do everybody good."

Country Prosperous.

The business of the United States is prospering, as shown by the fact that the total current revenues from all sources in the fiscal year 1907 were $865,306,134, which was more than $70,000,000 larger than in the year before. On the other hand, the Government expended for all purposes only about $10,000,000 more than in the year before, the total outgo being $578,350,592. The customs receipts broke all records, the 1907 receipts being larger even than those of 1906 by nearly $33,000,000, for the new record is $333,230,126. The receipts from internal revenue were larger in the year just closed than in any other year when war taxes were not in force, and the total has seldom been exceeded even in a war period. The total collections from internal revenue were $270,309,368, as against $249,150,212 in 1906. Even in 1866 and in 1901, which were the big years under the war revenue laws, the collections were only $309,000,000 and $307,000,000, respectively. From miscellaneous sources of revenue in the late fiscal year the collections were $61,766,619, as against $45,193,433 in the fiscal year 1906.

Promoters of War.

Senator Hale, long on the committee on naval affairs, and now its chairman, whose word is entitled to weight, says, in an interview, that the project of a Pacific cruise of the battleships "had its birth with the general board of the navy." That body, a few years ago, "exploited a war scare with Germany;" and now, Senator Hale explains, since the people have got tired of that, "they tried the same performance with Japan." The Senator adds that the country ought to understand that "the two military branches of the government live and thrive on war." He further declares that "there has never been a day when it was safe to leave to them the policies that make for peace or war." A good many of the officers in both these branches, we are sorry to say, do not appear to comprehend the meaning of the civil control of the military power, and are continually chafing at the ways in which this control is manifested. The truth is that the military and naval services of this country may be good servants of the people, but they surely would be bad masters; and Senator Hale's warning is always wise and always timely.

Alabama's new senator emphasizes the fact that he is opposed to the public ownership of railroads. Trouble is brewing for Mr. Bryan in the South.

The Merchant Marine.

The German Monopoly—The Hamburg-American Company With Its Heavy German Subsidy Driving American Ships from the Sea.

FOURTH LETTER.

June 21, 1907.

Dear Sir:—

New and striking proof of the need of American ships to convey American commerce is given by the Interstate Commerce Commission, which has ordered an inquiry into the charge that a great German concern, the Hamburg-American Packet Company, is maintaining "monopolies in restraint of trade" by its almost absolute control of eastbound and westbound traffic between our interior States and the north part of Europe.

This rich and powerful German steamship corporation, backed by the Imperial Government, is accused of "using coercive and unlawful methods to crush competition," "pooling, combinations and intimidations, the latter in certain instances approaching blackmail." The familiar method of rebates is said to be employed, and "the merchant who ships one consignment by an independent line cannot ship any at all by a trust line." Thus, this European steamship trust, monopolizing the traffic between this country and North Europe, "is able to come into the very centre of the United States and apportion the traffic originating in our Western cities, both as to character and amount, between ports on our Atlantic seaboard and ports on the Baltic."

State-owned German railroads, it is declared, give this German steamship concern rebates which help it to crush competition. The complaint of Peter Wright & Sons of Philadelphia, on which the Interstate Commerce Commission is acting, adds:

"The Interstate Commerce Act, the Sherman anti-trust act, the anti-trust amendments of the Wilson tariff act and other similar laws of the United States were intended to protect its citizens from the consequences of such overpowering monopoly and the resulting restraint of trade. The Hamburg-American Packet Company has persistently and continuously violated the laws."

In other words, this European steamship monopoly is a defiant example of the giant abuses which President Roosevelt has been so bravely struggling to correct.

A few facts about the Hamburg-American Packet Company may be interesting to American citizens. It is a foreign company, owned and managed by foreigners, who boast that theirs is the greatest and richest steamship corporation in the world.

There are only eight American steamships, of a total of about 80,000 tons, in the trade with Europe. The Hamburg-American Company owns 161 German steamers, of about 900,000 tons. It paid a 10 per cent. dividend this year on a capital stock of $35,000,000.

It is chiefly the trade of this country with Europe which has made these Hamburg ship-owners so wealthy and powerful. How have they requited us? In 1898, the year of our war with Spain, they took two of their fast steamers, the Normannia and Columbia, out of their New York service—ships built for and maintained by American patronage—and sold them to the Spanish government to "burn, sink and destroy" the commerce of the American people. These ships, or at least one of them, formed part of the Spanish fleet sent to strike Admiral Dewey after his victory at Manila.

The Hamburg-American Company, now accused of preying by monopoly methods on the trade of our Western farmers, has been an aggressive foe of every effort to build up an American merchant marine, and has exulted in the defeat of such efforts by Western votes in Congress. Not long ago, Herr Ballin, head of the "combine," came to this country from Hamburg and in a widely circulated interview exhorted the American people to stay ashore and leave the sea and its trade to Europe.

In the light of these startling accusations against the great German steamship "combine" before the Interstate Commerce Commission, do you not think that it is time that we had more American steamships owned and run in American interests by companies that can be held directly accountable to American laws?

Yours very truly,

* * *

[The following figures were furnished by Secretary of War Taft in a recent address before the American Miller's Convention in St. Louis.

In Cuba, he said, we have now expended upwards of $300,000,000. But the imports into the United States from Cuba were increased from $52,000,000, under Spanish rule, to $85,000,000 in 1906. The exports from the United States to Cuba in 1895 were $12,000,000; for 1906 they were $48,000,000. In other words the total increase of trade with Cuba has increased from $65,000,000 to $136,000,000; with Puerto Rico from $6,000,000 to $38,000,000; the Philippines from $5,000,000 to $8,000,000, or a total increase in business done with these three islands of $110,000,000.

Trade rapidly develops with every fresh field opened; and all the more rapidly as the facilities for transportation are improved. With every new line of American steamships, there is a corresponding increase of trade which benefits all parts of the country alike, the agriculturist of the West and the mills and manufacturers of the East. The blocking of the avenues of American lines of ships means loss of trade and the wealth and influence it brings. —Ed.]

Dr. John C. Budlong, a member of the Providence Board of Aldermen for the fourth ward, died Wednesday after a somewhat lingering illness. Dr. Budlong was one of the well known men of the State. He has been for many years Surgeon General on the Governor's Staff with the rank of Brigadier General. He was deservedly popular wherever known.

Boston has never had any of the national political conventions and proposes to invite those of next year. A hall to seat 15,000 persons must be erected by Boston to accommodate the world's shoe and leather convention shortly. A big city without a modern coliseum is in poor shape.

Washington Matters.

Explosion on Battleship Georgia Still a Mystery to the Navy Department—New System of Railroad Accounting Soon to be Started by the Interstate Commerce Commission—Notes.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

Washington, D. C., July 26, 1907.

Officially the explosion last week on the battleship Georgia is as much a mystery as ever. But some small admissions on the part of the Navy Department and talk among naval officers is helping to clear it up and show that it has at the bottom the same element that is back of most crimes in human life, the gold hunger.

It will be remembered that the explosion occurred in the after turret of the Georgia off Boston during target practice. According to the official statement, a charge of about 200 pounds of smokeless powder was being loaded into one of the 12 inch guns when it exploded. It was said that a floating spark, coming from somewhere, had set fire to the bag containing one of the powder charges, and that this had gone off, setting fire to the other bag. Here was a mystery. It was intimated that the floating spark might have come from the smokestack of the battleship or that it might have been a spark wandering around in the air after the discharge of the gun. This explanation was good enough for the outside world. But those familiar with the construction of warships knew that it was almost a physical impossibility for a spark to "float" into a turret. The automatic gun ports and inside ladders were all against such a supposition. Also, the silk bags in which the powder charge is encased are not flimsy enough to be set on fire by any ordinary spark.

The fact remained that ten of the men in the turret died of their burns and a dozen others were so seriously injured that several more of them still may die. The Department was of course shocked and grieved. So was everyone who knew of the accident. But the Department had no idea how it happened. All of the electric apparatus in the turret had been carefully insulated in view of some previous accidents of the same sort. All of the guns had been fitted with automatic air blasts to prevent "flare backs," that is, hot gases coming out of the breech of the gun when another charge was being put in. And most of all, there was never according to regulations a second charge of powder in the turret before the one in the gun had been fired. There are automatic doors leading down to the powder magazine that are shut as soon as one charge for the gun comes up and the turret is clear of any powder except that in the gun.

Just here is where an official statement from the Navy Department gave a clue to the story. One of the men of the gun crew was commended for his heroism and promptitude in shutting the breech of the gun and preventing the explosion of the charge, mark the words "already in the gun." That is an explanation of the whole business. There is a big money prize for efficient target work in each of the squadrons. It amounts to about $1,000 for the turret crew making the best record in squadron practice. But there is more money at stake than that. There is keen rivalry among the gun crews and there are individual bets and pools made by both officers and men, for the jackies are a sporting fraternity and they are willing to back their opinions with six months' wages if necessary. There are some occasions on record where $9,000 has gone from one ship of a squadron to another as the result of the final round with the big guns. This is in addition to the government prizes. The result is that the men work up to the limit of human quickness in handling the guns. It is the shots that hit that count in the score, and the loading of the gun is cut down as low as possible to give an extra fraction of a second for laying it.

The Georgia had been firing at the rate of one shot every ten or eleven seconds from the big guns. Just think of it, to ram home an 800 pound steel projectile and nearly 200 pounds of powder, close and lock the breech, and sight and fire the gun. And the Georgia was making about ten hits out of eleven shots. Is it not very likely that when the gun was fired there was a second charge of powder already in the turret waiting to be thrown into the gun? That is the view of naval officers who know the circumstances. The statement of the Navy Department bears out this theory. Evidently the second charge of powder had been brought up from the magazine and was waiting there in the turret in order to save time and help win the fleet prize and the side bets. Men will take long chances where there is a big roll of money at stake. Of course the Navy Department will never know officially that the regulations were violated. But everybody knows unofficially already how the regulations were violated and how the accident happened.

There are a good many fair sized jobs that will probably go begging for the lack of competent men to fill them. The Interstate Commerce Commission is about to start its new system of railroad accounting. The Commission has furnished the railroads with sets of books that they must keep to the exclusion of all others, and on which they must render monthly reports. Of course, the Commission wants expert railroad accountants to check these reports. These clerkships pay about $1,500 a year. Not a princely salary, but still pretty good for the government service. The only trouble is that the men who are capable of filling the places are mostly in the employ of the railroads already. If they take the examination they are pretty certain to be fired for doing it by the railroads employing them. Of course, they might take the examination and not get the job. So most of them are figuring that the risk is not equal to the chance and there is a fear that there will not be many eligibles to qualify.

Andrew John, the famous chief of the Senneca Nation and one of the best known Indians who ever came around the Interior Department at Washington, died this week at the Emergency Hospital of dropsy. John had acted interpreter for most of the eastern tribes in Washington, and was familiar with more Indian dialects and languages than any other man living. His body will be taken back to New York State for burial.

Massachusetts and Rhode Island give their finely organized national guard an extensive training in coast artillery service. In case of another war the Cape Cod folks and their neighbors do not propose to worry about mysterious lights at night flitting near their waters, says an Exchange.

Providence Old Home Week begins tomorrow. Here's hoping that the city will realize its full expectations.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., July 27, 1907.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 28 to August 1, warm wave 27 to 31, cool wave 30 to August 3. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about August 2, cross west of Rockies country by close of 3, great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern states 7. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about August 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about August 6, great central valleys 7, eastern states 9.

About time this disturbance is crossing the continent temperatures will average about or a little below normal and drouth conditions will prevail in large sections of the corn belt, particularly about lower Missouri and the middle Mississippi river valleys. Rainfall, or lack of it, during passage of this and the following disturbance, will largely determine what the corn crop is to be for 1907.

Severe storms may be expected during the week August 3 to 10 and hail may do some damage in the northwest spring wheat country.

Immediately following July 27 the temperatures are expected to be moderate and not much force to the storms. Weather will not be oppressive except where a large deficiency of rainfall has occurred.

August temperatures are expected to begin low and gradually rise till we have reached September. While temperatures will increase rainfall on most parts of the continent will decrease and severe drouth prevail in many sections.

This unusual heat and drouth will injure corn and fall pastures but will probably not hurt cotton and spring wheat. But there is one favorable condition for corn. That crop is two weeks late and this hot, dry weather, last half of August, will hurry the crop on toward maturity and may put it beyond the reach of September frosts.

August will bring us four special storm periods with increased force and velocity of the disturbances. They will reach meridan 90 not far from August 5, 14, 19 and 24. Last one will probably be most severe.

Three great hot waves will cross the continent in August reaching meridian 90 not far from August 14, 22 and 30. Sometimes frosts occur this month in the northwest but none appear to be scheduled for this August. Indications are that the month will come in with much lower temperatures than it will go out with, reversing the usual trend of temperatures for the month. First ten days of the month will average below normal temperatures, last twenty-one days much above normal.

George Westinghouse has been commissioned by the Burlington and other western roads to produce a motor car for passenger traffic on suburban, interurban and branch lines. Some of the best railway mechanics have been working for years on a satisfactory motor car, but none yet produced fulfills the requirements of the railroads.

Eleven years have passed since Mr. Bryan made his cross of gold speech. It still possesses some interest as a specimen of eloquence without wisdom or knowledge.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JULY 1907. STANDARD TIME.

		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve.
27	Sat	4 50	7 22	0 24	0 06	0 32
28	Sun	4 51	7 21	1 58	0 50	1 23
29	Mon	4 52	7 20	3 26	1 40	2 11
30	Tues	4 53	7 19	4 55	2 31	3
31	Wed	4 54	7 18	6 21	3 22	3 49
1	Thurs	4 55	7 17	7 51	4 05	4 33
2	Fri	4 56	7 16	mo'n	4 05	4 48

Last Quarter, 2d day, 9h. 84m., morning.
New Moon, 10th day, 10h. 17m., morning.
First Quarter, 18th day, 9h. 11m., morning.
Full Moon, 26th day, 9h. 25m., evening.
Last Quarter, 31st day, 9h. 25 m., evening.

SMALL FARM FOR SALE,

ABOUT 3 MILES FROM NEWPORT.

I have for sale an excellent little farm with 7-room cottage. Well, cistern, stable for 2 horses and 5 cows. Good carriage house. About 4 acres of land. This farm is situated on Paradise Avenue in Middletown and would make an excellent poultry farm. Price only $3500. Apply to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,
132 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.

Deaths.

On Sunday night, July 21st, suddenly, at his residence, Newport, R. I., Edward Montaudevert Neill, son of the late Samuel M. Neill and Jane Josepha Yates, in the 76th year of his age.

In this city, 21st inst., at her residence, 88 John street, Julia E., daughter of the late John and Mary Leddy.

In this city, 21st inst., at her residence, 18 Pope street, Catherine, widow of Owen Reagan.

In this city, 22d inst., Susan Maddox, aged 70 years.

In this city, 24th inst., Sarah Enos, widow of the late Erastus P. Allan, in the 83d year of her age.

In this city, 25th inst., at his residence, 22 Simmons streets, Daniel J. Murphy.

In Middletown, 24th inst., Hannah E., widow of Charles Caswell, aged 64 years.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

ALARMING INDEED

"Black Hand"'s Methods Adopted by Armenians to Secure Money

New York, July 25.—The district attorney's office has obtained a number of letters in connection with the murder of the rug merchant, H. S. Tavshanjian, which showed that for several months there have been communications sent to rich Armenians in this city, demanding that amounts of money be sent to the Hunchakist society on pain of death. The letters confirm the reports of a widespread conspiracy to get money and which the district attorney thinks is alarming.

Police Commissioner Bingham states that for a long time he has known of Armenians who were blackmailing rich merchants. "An Armenian friend of mine, a graduate of Yale, has told me a good deal about the rascality of the Armenians," he said. "It only bears out my request that a fund of at least $15,000 should be given the police commissioner for secret service work, so that men can be hired to go among the foreigners in disguises and get evidence."

Bedros Hampartzoomian, who killed Tavshanjian, was indicted yesterday by the grand jury for murder in the first degree.

Goff Under $10,000 Bail

Providence, July 23.—The writ for the arrest of Isaac L. Goff, the founder and former president of the defunct Home Realty company, was served at Goff's house. Bail was furnished in the sum of $10,000. The writ is returnable on Sept. 2. The writ charges that Goff, acting for the Home Realty company, negotiated a loan of $20,000 from the Atlantic National bank of this city, representing, it is claimed, that the Home Realty company was in a sound financial condition. It is further alleged that when an examination into the company's affairs was made, since it declared its insolvency last week, only $0 was found in the treasury.

Silk Manufacturer a Suicide

New York, July 26.—Ernest S. Simon, 40 years old, a prominent silk manufacturer of Lyons, France, wrote on an open sheet of note paper: "The heat is driving me crazy," and then shot himself before a mirror in his room at the Imperial hotel. He died shortly afterward.

Hanged For Double Murder

Towanda, Pa., July 26.—Charles Johnson, convicted of the murder of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Bigler Johnson, and her niece, Anna Benjamin, nearly three years ago, was hanged in the jail here. His brother was executed for the same crime two years ago yesterday.

An Alaskan Forest Reserve

Washington, July 24.—The president has created a national forest reserve in Alaska to be known as the Chugach forest. It contains 838,000 acres and lies along the coast of Prince William sound, south of the main divide of the Chugach mountains.

Beer In Handy Form.

London, July 26.—A Danish civil engineer, says a consular report just issued here, has succeeded in producing beer in the form of tablets. These are dissolved in hot water. When cooled the beverage is a beer of excellent quality and flavor.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS

Paul F. Tenney, 12 years old, became exhausted while swimming in a pond at Leominster, Mass., and was drowned.

Richard H. Reynolds, 30 years old, was drowned while swimming at Woburn, Mass. It is believed that he was seized with cramps.

William Burke, for 23 years an inspector connected with the bureau of criminal investigation of the Boston police department, died suddenly at his home. As an inspector he had contributed some of the most efficient work in the police department.

Maurice Larabee, aged 6, was drowned by falling into a gulch near Avery Rock lighthouse, off Machias, Me.

An explosion of gas in the japanning room of a hardware factory at New Haven killed Antonio Ruoppolo, aged 17, and terribly burned another workman.

John King, mate of the steamer Henry F. Eaton, while plies between Calais and Eastport, Me., was drowned by falling overboard.

Colonel Walter Cutting, aged 66, a prominent citizen of Pittsfield, Mass., died from Bright's disease after a lingering illness. He was a colonel under General Augur's staff in the Civil war.

The new passenger station of the Maine Central railroad at Bangor, Me., was dedicated by a banquet tendered by the board of trade to the officials of the Boston and Maine and Maine Central railroads.

Frank Nutting, aged 60, was sitting in a kitchen at Parkman, Me., when a lightning bolt struck and killed him. The house itself was undamaged.

Frank Sebra, 18 years old, of Penacook, N. H., fell into the Contoocook river canal and was drowned.

After suffering intense pain for 24 hours subsequent to falling into a tub of boiling water, Madeleine, the 3-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Nell of Everett, Mass., is dead.

Edward Rintels, a druggist at Boston, filed a petition in bankruptcy with debts amounting to $28,963.40. It is understood that his assets are uncertain.

Many Rates For Telephones

Boston, July 25.—Auditor Longley of the New England Telephone and Telegraph company, in a statement to the highway commissioners during the examination of the finances of the company, said that there are probably 300 different rates in use by the company, based upon the population and area to be served.

Gunshot Wound Kills Boy

Newport, Vt., July 26.—Walter Magoon of Boston, 10 years old, died from the effects of a gunshot wound. Walter and his brother, aged 7, were examining a rifle when it was accidentally discharged. The boys were spending a vacation here.

ADVERSE FINDING

Five In Relation to Litigation Concerning Mrs Eddy

SHARED BY ALL PARTIES

Scope of Masters' Inquiry Into the Mental Condition of Woman Will Not Be Restricted--Already Tangled Case Becomes More Complicated

Concord, N. H., July 26.—Five motions offered by counsel in the litigation growing out of the suit for an accounting of the property of Mrs. Mary B. G. Eddy, bearing on questions which have developed in connection with the case, were denied by Judge Chamberlin in the superior court here.

The motions included propositions to restrict the scope of the inquiry to be made by three masters appointed by the court to determine the mental condition of Mrs. Eddy; to grant an allowance from Mrs. Eddy's property to defray expenses attending the conduct of the case, and to permit the defendants—a number of leading Christian Scientists—to become parties to the inquiry by the masters.

All of these motions were denied by Chamberlin, and while all parties shared in the adverse finding of the court, it was explained by those familiar with the proceedings that the decision not to change the scope of the masters' inquiry gave the advantage to the "next friends," who brought the original action for an accounting.

The court granted the right to counsel to take exceptions. It is understood that this privilege will be accepted, and the proceedings already involved beyond the limits of lay knowledge thereby become further complicated. While denying the motion for funds to prosecute the case, Chamberlin intimated that should Mrs. Eddy be found incompetent to manage her property the question might be reopened, and he announced that further consideration of a motion by the "next friends," that the rule requiring them to furnish a bond for the costs of the suit might be suspended, would be given.

The array of counsel appearing was notable. Mrs. Eddy was represented by Frank S. Streeter, Attorney General Eastman of Exeter and Oliver E. Branch. The interests of the so-called Boston defendants were in the care of Samuel J. Elder of that city, and the "next friends" were represented by William E. Chandler and De Witt C. Howe. Other counsel is connected with the plaintiffs' side, but they did not appear in court yesterday.

Ayres Out of Army Service

Washington, July 25.—Lieutenant Colonel Ayres, Fourteenth cavalry, has been placed upon the retired list of the army on the finding of a retiring board that he is incapacitated for active service on account of disability incident to the service. The retirement of Ayres is indirectly the result of the publication of an interview in which he was reported to have criticised army methods of administering justice as an outcome of the difficulty which his wife had with the authorities of the military academy.

Struck Haunt of Lobsters

Boston, July 25.—Probably the largest catch of lobsters ever made at sea was brought in by Captain Lowry of schooner J. R. Atwood of Southport, Me. There were 2200 lobsters in the catch, the result of 10 days' work off Casher's ledge, on the coast of Maine. The locality where the lobsters were found has seldom been sought by lobster fishermen previously.

Two Youths Drowned

Duxbury, Mass., July 23.—Charles L. Parrit and Walter Sampson of Boston, both 18 years old, were found on the flats of Two Rock channel at low tide, an overturned dory in which they had been sailing being found nearby. The two young men were fast friends and yesterday was the last day of a two weeks' vacation which they had had been spending here.

Death Sentence For Hau

Karlsruhe, July 23.—Karl Hau, a brilliant young law professor of Washington, D. C., was condemned to death this morning after a five days' trial for the murder of his wife's mother, Frau Molitor, a wealthy resident of Baden Baden. In that city Nov. 6 last. The prisoner heard the verdict of the jury and the judge's sentence with perfect composure.

Sentence of Forger Ball

Boston, July 24.—Arthur L. Ball, who was arrested here on a charge of the forgery of a check for $800 which was given a Boston automobile firm, was sentenced to from three to five years in state prison. It was stated in court that Ball was wanted for alleged forgeries in Louisville, Rochester and Fall River.

Teachers' College Gets $100,000

Syracuse, N. Y., July 24.—Mrs. Russell Sage has sent her check for $100,000 to Chancellor Day as a gift to the Teachers' college of Syracuse university. This college occupies 14 acres of land adjoining the campus, which was Mrs. Sage's childhood home.

Gets His Just Deserts

Marquette, Mich., July 25.—Following his conviction for tearing down a United States flag and then trampling upon it, James Grant, a British subject, was brought here to serve 30 days in jail. He was also fined $10.

Motored Across the Continent

Boston, July 25.—George G. Reed has arrived in this city, having completed a 3500-mile journey from Greenwater, Cal., through Death valley and across the deserts of Nevada, Utah and Colorado since June 1 in the Desert Rat, an automobile which Reed patched up for the journey, being of no particular make. Reed was accompanied by George K. Shuler and Harry Brown.

REAL ABDICATION

Emperor of Korea Forced to Admit Validity of His Act

ITO CONTROLS CABINET

Next Step Will Be to Exile Deposed Ruler From Seoul--Hayashi Suggests Council of State For Shaping Affairs of Hermit Kingdom

Seoul, July 24.—The cabinet's report to Marquis Ito of the former emperor's new pledge of abdication, in form positive and final, was published yesterday, and reversed the widespread impression that the first instance was not one of abdication but of "imperial contortion." Ito's subservient cabinet, in an all-night engagement with the former emperor, wrung from him the verbal admission of the validity of his casual abdication and secured his signature to a classification proclamation, also an acknowledgment of the mikado's congratulations to him as emperor de facto, which acknowledgment had been resisted by the deposed ruler.

The working members of the cabinet who enjoy Ito's protection and patronage are passing in and out of the palace with a guard exclusively Japanese. The work of the cabinet will not be finished until the ex-emperor is exiled from Seoul. This, the next step, if accomplished without the poisoning of the deposed ruler or the consummation of some similar tragedy, will be a landmark in Korean history.

Viscount Hayashi, the foreign minister of Japan, whose presence in Korea supports Ito, in an interview in the administration paper, is understood to suggest a council of state, with power to act for the elimination of interference by the throne.

The censorship proclaimed over Japanese press correspondents is described as precautionary, on account of the bitterness displayed toward Ito's conservative course in reshaping the destinies of Korea.

Theatres, amusement places and the markets are open for the first time in four days. The stores of ammunition possessed by disaffected Korean troops are extremely small and little trouble is expected. Ito expects valuable reinforcements of bluejackets from Japanese warships for emergency use.

NEW JAPAN-KOREA PACT

All Matters In Hermit Kingdom Now Devolve on Marquis Ito

Seoul, July 26.—A wave of great excitement crept over the whole peninsula when the new agreement with Japan was announced and the emperor's proclamation published in the provinces.

Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese minister of foreign affairs, in an interview, said that the new agreement continued Japan's whole program in Korea. His mission accomplished, he said he would return to Japan on the first ship from Chemulpo; that matters now devolve on Marquis Ito, who was more than a premier and whose responsibilities had more than doubled, adding that Japan's responsibilities in Korea were now enormous.

The new convention's provisions are briefly as follows:

First, provides that the administration of Korea shall secure the guidance of the Japanese resident general.

Second, that the enactment of all laws and ordinances, also all important state affairs shall receive the approval of the resident general.

Third, that the appointment of all high and responsible officials shall receive the approval of the resident general.

Fourth, that only persons recommended by the resident general shall be eligible for office in the Korean government.

Fifth, that a distinct demarkation shall be drawn between administrative and judicial affairs.

Sixth, that foreigners shall be employed only upon consent of the resident general.

Seventh, that the first clause of the convention of Aug. 22, 1904, providing for the employment of a financial adviser, be annulled.

Means Ultimate Annexation

The Hague, July 26.—Several of the peace delegates yesterday discussed at length the new convention just completed at Seoul, between Japan and Korea, with Keiroku Tsuzuki, head of the Japanese delegation, who, in explaining the scope of the convention, said that it was not annexation, as might be supposed, but a step in that direction.

Great Alpine Bore Completed

Vienna, July 24.—The work of piercing the 5½-mile tunnel through the Tauern mountains, a few miles south of Gastein, has just been completed. The work has occupied six years and it is the last important work in the completion of the Alpine railways.

Armenians Need Protection

New York, July 26.—A number of prominent Armenians of this city met yesterday to consider ways to protect themselves and their fellow-countrymen in America from the Hunchakist band. The meeting was secret. It was announced that a mass meeting would be held on July 27 to further consider the question. Citizens of other nationalities will be expected to attend and give moral support to the work that has been undertaken by the local colony of Armenians.

No Duty on Lipton Cup

Boston, July 20.—The silver cup which has arrived at New York, a gift of Sir Thomas Lipton, to be offered as a prize in a series of races to be run by fishermen in this city during Old Home week, will be admitted free of duty. An order to this effect has been issued by Acting Secretary Reynolds of the treasury department at Washington.

WOMEN IN A RIOT

Jewish Quarter of Philadelphia the Scene of Wild Disorder

MEAT SHOPS INVADED

Three of Them Sacked and Contents Destroyed--Police Forced to Resort to Severe Measures--Trouble Grows Out of High Price of Meat

Philadelphia, July 26.—The Jewish quarter in the southern section of the city was the scene of many disturbances and incipient riots following the efforts of Yiddish women to boycott kosher butchers who have increased the price of meats. All throughout the Ghetto there were fierce outbreaks in which persons who attempted to patronize the stores were roughly handled. In several instances the stores were sacked and the meat destroyed.

The women gathered in front of the stores and seized every person who entered. The meat the customers had purchased was taken away from them and tossed into the streets, after coal oil or acid had been poured over it. In three shops oil was poured over every piece of meat, the chopping blocks and counters were overturned and the windows in the stores were smashed.

The police of three districts were kept on the run answering riot calls and reserve squads had to be sent to their assistance. As a result of the outbreak 28 men and women were either sent to prison or held in bail to answer charges of assault, inciting to riot and other charges, and as many more were arrested and locked up for hearings on minor charges.

Because most of the disturbers were women the police at first hesitated to use force in trying to disperse the mobs in front of the stores, but as the situation became more serious they were finally compelled to use severe measures and a number of men and women were sent to the hospital suffering from injuries received in resisting the officers. None was seriously hurt, however, and the authorities have the situation well in hand.

Late yesterday a meeting was held in the centre of the troublous district, in which the disturbers were advised to use less strenuous methods, but to fight the butchers by refusing to buy meat or anything else in their stores. The butchers plan to retaliate by having the "shockets" cease killing chickens and poultry, so that those participating in the boycott cannot secure a supply of flesh from this source. After the meeting it was reported that a committee of women would go through the district and endeavor to destroy all meat, but the police have taken measures to prevent any such attempt and it is believed there will be no further disturbance.

The trouble grew out of a report that the retail kosher butchers had in a recent strike against the wholesalers obtained certain concessions in the matter of price, but were unwilling to admit this, as they wanted to reap the benefit of the reduction. The women allege the retailers have been charging 14 cents and 16 cents a pound for meat which last year at this season could be bought for 10 cents and 12 cents. More than one thousand women met and formed an organization. They pledged themselves to use all possible efforts to influence other Jewish women to join in the movement against the butchers.

Held For Killing Sister-In-Law

Providence, July 24.—William Skeffington, a bartender employed in the saloon of his brother, John Skeffington, was arrested on the charge of killing his sister-in-law, Mrs. Annie Skeffington, at her home. The prisoner maintained that the shooting was accidental. He was held for trial on Aug. 1 on a charge of manslaughter. Bail was placed at $8000, but it was not furnished.

Fired Shot Which Killed Brother

Providence, July 23.—Michael Kaveney, who was arrested on the charge of murdering his brother, Cornelius, admitted to Judge Palmer that he had fired the shot which killed his brother. He was bound over without bail for the grand jury. Palmer said after the hearing that Kaveney was probably insane and that he would, in all probability, be committed to an asylum.

Standard Oil Sued For $1,480,000

Tupelo, Miss., July 24.—Prosecuting Attorney Mitchell has filed suit for $1,480,000 in the Lee county circuit court against the Standard Oil company, charging violation of the Mississippi anti-trust laws. The suit is for $5000 penalty for each day the company has done business in Mississippi since the anti-trust law went into effect.

Automobile Kills Little Girl

Fitchburg, Mass., July 24.—Gertrude Hassell, 5 years old, was struck and almost instantly killed by an automobile driven by Eldridge G. Davis of Somerville. Rev. and Mrs. Edward G. Folk of Somerville also occupied the vehicle. The party were taken to the police station, but later released. An inquest will be held.

Boy Charged With Murder

Gales Ferry, Conn., July 23.—Frank L. Morgan, 11 years old, was held for the shooting to death of Ivy L. Rogers, a playmate, aged 11, in Ledyard. The grand jury will be asked by the state attorney to find a true bill of murder against the boy. The defense offered no testimony.

Campaign Against Indecency

Old Orchard, Me., July 25.—Edwin E. Davis, New England agent of the Watch and Ward society, seized a large number of post cards and souvenirs at this resort, claiming that there were unlawfully indecent pictures upon them. Arrests are expected to follow. Davis intends to continue his campaign throughout the state.

BY A CLOSE MARGIN

Fall River Weavers Vote to Accept Offer of Manufacturers

Fall River, Mass., July 26.—The Weavers' union, at a special general meeting last night, voted to accept the offer of the manufacturers of a standard of 47½ yards for print cloth cuts, in place of the 46-yard standard which has been demanded. The vote on the question of accepting the offer of the manufacturers was close, a large number of the weavers being opposed.

This is the outcome of a conference which was held between the executive committee of the Manufacturers' association and a committee of five from the Weavers' union. The manufacturers insisted that it would be impossible to grant the 46-yard standard, but they were willing to drop the question of speeds and fix upon one single standard of 47½ yards.

Addition to Leper Colony

New Bedford, Mass., July 25.—Lucy Peterson, the leper from Boston, was taken to the leper colony at Penikese island last evening in a motor boat. Dr. Edmunds, who has charge of the colony at Penikese, took charge of the patient and sailed away with her for the island, where she will make her final home. Miss Peterson, who is but 29 years old, is cheerful and expresses the hope that she will be cured and ultimately secure her freedom. She was a servant in a home in a Boston suburb.

Millionaire Lawyer Seeks Divorce

Boston, July 26.—The Post says: Accusing his wife of unfaithfulness and naming as corespondent James Buckley, a personal friend and wealthy retired merchant, now living abroad, Andreas Blume, the millionaire lawyer, yesterday filed a libel for divorce from his beautiful spouse, who is on the sunny side of 40. This is the second rift in the matrimonial lute of Blume, now past his 70th year, for some years ago his former wife, now Mrs. H. S. Potter, obtained a decree.

Train Kills Two Seamen

Greenwich, Conn., July 26.—Becoming confused by trains, two of a trio of seamen who were walking east from New York along the railroad tracks were killed here by an express train. The third man escaped death by jumping to one side. The dead men are Michael O'Brien and James Green. The seamen had just gotten into New York after a voyage. They formerly lived at Bridgeport.

Republican Convention Plans

Boston, July 25.—The Republican state committee yesterday afternoon decided to call the state convention for Oct. 5 in Boston. Senator Lodge will preside. Other details were as follows: For chairman of the committee on resolutions, W. S. Greene of Fall River; at large, A. G. Cummock of Lowell, W. A. Lytle of Worcester, Joseph Walker of Brookline, and H. L. Williams of Northampton. The caucuses are to be held on Sept. 24.

In Memory of Heroic Act

Manchester, N. H., July 26.—Mayor Reed last evening presented to the family of Samuel Lacombe, who lost his life as a result of the Larchmont steamboat disaster, the silver medal of the United States lifesaving corps. Young Lacombe saved the life of Miss Sadie Gobin as she was repeatedly washed from a life raft. Lacombe froze both feet and hands and died in a few days after the disaster.

The body of a man found floating in the Charles river at Boston has been identified as that of Robert O. Harrington of Montreal, a Pullman car conductor. It is believed he was struck and killed by a shifting engine and knocked into the water.

SCALY ERUPTIONS COVERED HIS BODY

Itched Constantly—Scratched Until Blood Flowed—Suffered 10 Years—Doctors and Medicines Were Fruitless—Tries Cuticura and Is Completely Cured

BY THREE BOXES OF CUTICURA OINTMENT

"When I was about nine years old small sores appeared on each of my lower limbs. I scratched them with a brass pin and shortly afterwards both of those limbs became so sore that I could scarcely walk. When I had been suffering for about a month the sores began to heal, but small scaly eruptions appeared where the sores had been. From that time onward I was troubled by such severe itching that, until I became accustomed to it, I would scratch the sores until the blood began to flow. This would stop the itching for a few days; but scaly places would appear again and the itching would accompany them. After I suffered about ten years I made a renewed effort to effect a cure. The eruptions by this time had appeared on every part of my body except my face and hands. The best doctor in my native county advised me to use arsenic in small doses and a salve. I then used to bathe the sores in a mixture which gave almost intolerable pain. In addition I used other remedies, such as iodine, sulphur, zinc salve, ——'s Salve, —— Ointment, and in fact I was continually giving some remedy a fair trial, never using less than one or two boxes or bottles. All this was fruitless. Finally my hair began to fall out and I was rapidly becoming bald. I used ——'s ——, but it did no good. A few months after, having used almost everything else, I thought I would try Cuticura Ointment, having previously used Cuticura Soap and being pleased with it. After using three boxes I was completely cured, and my hair was restored, after fourteen years of suffering and an expenditure of at least $50 to $60 in vainly endeavoring to find a cure. I shall be glad to write to any one who may be interested in my case. B. Hiram Mattingly, Vermillion, S. Dak., Aug. 18, 1906."

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston, Mass. Cuticura Free, Booklet on the Skin and Blood.

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Money deposited in our Savings Department on or before August 15th draws interest from August 1st. Dividends payable in February and August. The present rate of interest on these accounts is FOUR per cent.

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S. S. THOMPSON.

New World's Trotting Mark

Detroit, July 26.—Out of the golden west came another trotting wonder when Sonoma Girl, the Los Angeles mare, won the great Merchants and Manufacturers stake of $10,000 and smashed the world's trotting record for green mares by a mile in 2.06 1-4. Greater fame awaits the new queen, for trotting men declare that Sonoma Girl will prove herself the fastest trotter the American turf has seen.

Georgia Will Be Prohibition State

Atlanta, July 26.—Georgia's prohibition bill, pending before the lower house, will be made the special order of business for July 30, and a final vote will be taken that day. With a majority of nearly four-fifths favoring the bill, which has already been passed by the senate, and with Governor Smith pledged to sign it when passed, prohibition in Georgia appears to be a foregone conclusion.

Fresh Plot to Take Czar's Life

St. Petersburg, July 26.—While searching a house in this city, the police found a detailed plan of the Baltic railway, which is an imperial line, and also a plan of the imperial yacht Alexandria. A number of occupants of the house were arrested. The authorities say that an association has been organized to prepare a fresh plot against the life of the czar.

American Roads Lead In Killing

Berlin, July 25.—Herr Gulliery, an official of the archive bureau of the Prussian railway administration, has prepared a comparative table of statistics of those killed and injured by railways in various countries. He finds that both absolutely and relatively the railroads in the United States are the most deadly.

Thousands Starved to Death

Victoria, B. C., July 26.—Rev. T. K. Thompson, who arrived by the steamer Aki Maru from China, says the deaths due to famine could scarcely be estimated owing to the failure of the Chinese to keep any records, but in the Tsingkianghu districts alone it is said 10,000 have died.

McGraw Goes to State Prison

Boston, July 24.—Robert McGraw convicted of manslaughter for killing Benjamin Farwell in 1904, was sentenced to serve not less than nine nor more than 11 years in prison, with one day in solitary confinement. McGraw took the sentence calmly, displaying no emotion.

New Jokes In Cold Storage

New York, July 23.—Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has come back to this country, bringing with him a degree of doctor of laws and some brand new jokes, which, he told newspapermen, he would keep, as he could get 5 cents a word for them.

THE GREAT WRITERS.

Ideas and Inspiration Taken by One Author From Another.

BUT GENIUS BORROWS NOBLY

The Crude Ore Is Refined and the Raw Material Fashioned Into a Thing of Beauty—Shakespeare as a Most Brilliant Example.

Our great writers are not great robbers. Literature is not a repository of stolen goods. What seem like stealings by the steel pen are rather the output of the lapidary or a reissue of the mint or, better still, the borrowings from a bank repaid with interest.

"It is wonderful," says Charles Reade, "how genius can borrow." "All literature," remarks Oliver Wendell Holmes, "lives by borrowing and lending," and, he adds, "A good image is like a diamond, which may be set a hundred times in as many generations and gain new beauties with every change." This is not a question of originality. "The lighting a candle at a neighbor's fire," observes Dean Swift, "does not affect our property in the wick and flame." "Genius borrows nobly." The transference is often a transmutation. For brass, the borrower brings gold, and for iron, silver, and for wood, brass, and for stones, iron. The crude ore is refined and the raw material fashioned into a thing of beauty.

It has been pointed out by Mr. Huth in his "Life of Buckle" that there is a kind of pedigree in literature. Dante avows his indebtedness to Virgil, as the latter himself was under obligations to Homer.

Ariosto owes much to Virgil, and Spenser borrows frequently from Ariosto. Spenser's "Faerie Queene" gave birth to Fletcher's "Purple Island," and this to Bernard's "Isle of Man," and this in turn to Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"—all like so many blossoms rising from the one stem.

Shakespeare has been called "the great Warwickshire thief," so inveterate is his borrowing habit. He invaded literature like a Napoleon and brought back the rarest art treasures to enrich and beautify his verse. One is surprised to learn that our dramatist has no original plots, that he has given to poetry no new rhythm or stanza and that "he ran not only in the old road, but in the old ruts." His "As You Like It" is taken from an old romance. The characters of his "Julius Caesar" are old Romans taken from Plutarch. But what borrowing! Dry bones are turned into living men. The commonest materials are taken into the lambent flame of his genius and transmuted into airy beauty.

Milton, too, is a free borrower. It is this fact, indeed, that makes his verse so rich in learned reminiscence and so gorgeous with, "barbaric pearl and gold." He owes much to Shakespeare. Some critics think Milton's Eve is borrowed from Shakespeare's Miranda. In the "Taming of the Shrew" occurs the line:

As morning roses newly washed in dew.

While Milton in "L'Allegro" speaks of—

Fresh blown roses washed in dew.

Milton is a very mine to many. Pope is his debtor. Milton's "Smoky Sorceress"—a woman to the waist and fair, but "ending foul in many a scaly fold voluminous and vast"—is made to say, "They call me sin and for a sign portentous hold me; but, familiar grown, I pleased and with attractive graces won the most averse." Pope sings:

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien
As to be hated needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Tennyson must have had in mind Milton's

Hanging in a golden chain
This pendent world

when he wrote:

The whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

Tennyson, indeed, derives much of his exquisite imagery and felicitous phrasing from authors whose names, even, many literary men do not know.

Pope borrows his "Vital Spark" idea from an old poem by Thomas Flatman.

Byron gets his "Eagle Feather" image in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" from Aeschylus, who flourished in the fifth century before our era.

Coleridge owes his "Ode to Mont Blanc" to a German poem by Friedrich Brown.

Bishop Ken is indebted for his thought in "The Evening Hymn" to Sir Thomas Browne in his "Colloquy With God."

In his own characteristic manner Rudyard Kipling has met the question of unconscious thievery with a bit of verse which commences:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre
'E'd 'eard men sing by land and sea,
And wot 'e thought 'e might require
'E went an' took the same as me.

Let Shakespeare's lines close this paper:

I'll example you with thievery:
The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;
The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement; each thing's a thief.

—S. B. Dunn in Circle Magazine.

Mercy to him that shows it is the rule.—Cowper.

Not an Expert Opinion.

"He has just returned from Mexico. He says a Mexican burro is the most aggravatingly stubborn thing on earth."

"He isn't married."—Houston Post.

Vague.

"My husband is really very attentive. Yesterday he bought me a dozen veils."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

USED BIBLE AS CIPHER.

A Verse From Solomon Told of a Marriage Engagement.

When she left her home in the small town to come to New York to take up a special course of study her pet sister was fast reaching the crisis of a love affair. The pet sister was a most winsome young lady and had long kept a goodly train of suitors a-sighing. Was this affair to be the grand affair? The older sister hoped so, for she liked the young man cordially—thought he was just the sort to make a proper brother-in-law.

But the weeks passed, and not a bit of definite news about the progress of the affair did the older sister receive in her city boarding house. She became anxious. Louise, she thought, must not go on recklessly trifling in such important matters.

Then one night about 10 o'clock, just as she was going to bed, came a telegram. The servant brought it up. The elder sister was country girl enough to be thoroughly frightened by the pale manila, black inked envelope. How ominous it looked! At length she gathered courage to open it. This is what she read:

Solomon six three. LOUISE.

Solomon six three! Whatever in the world! Oh, why, yes, stupid, it of course meant the Song of Solomon, sixth chapter, third verse! But—and her cheeks flushed with shame—she had no Bible!

There was a great scurrying about the boarding house to find a copy of the sacred book. The girls were routed out in vain. On all sides the cry arose, "Who's got a Bible?" Just think of the sister trying to sleep that night without knowing what that verse was! It would have been just like a woman to lie down to pleasant dreams, content to know that she could satisfy her curiosity in the morning—not!

The landlady, good soul, came to the rescue. She was no heathen. She had a Bible. Up to her room with it flew the sister and shut the door. Such a turning over of pages by eager, nervous fingers! Solomon six three. She found it, and then she cried "Hurrah!" and laughed, for the verse was:

I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine.

—New York Press.

THE SPECTER SWIMMER.

A Legend of the Sea That Still Appeals to Sailors.

The sailor as a class still holds fast to the superstitions that have been his especial heritage throughout all ages. To him the sea is still peopled with phantoms. Men there are still who sail the sea believing in the power of the Swimmer, men who believe in the Walrus of unholy fame and in the existence of the specter bark Lucy to be seen at any time dodging in and out of the creeks and bays of the South Carolina coast. This is the tale of the Swimmer:

Near Cape Finisterre there lived a fisher maiden in days when the world asked fewer questions than now, and with her lived her fisher sweetheart. On their wedding night, runs the yarn, smugglers came down on their village, a thieving, drunken band. When they left, having done all the damage they could, the fisher maiden's sweetheart had disappeared, whether with them or through them was never known. Instead of pining uselessly, as would most women, she dressed herself in men's clothes and started to find him, dead or alive.

For years she wandered over the earth and ocean, and, though her disguise was penetrated several times and she passed through a host of troubles which vary with each telling, she succeeded in keeping up her hunt. Finally after escaping from an English prison the vessel she was on was lost at sea, and the simple Breton fishermen enshrined her in a legend which has her forever swimming the seas still in search of the man she loved and hailing each craft she nears. A sailor, be he Yankee or Portuguese, matter of fact in all things else or grossly superstitious, believes firmly that if you hear the hail of the Swimmer on a dark night at sea and answer it not woe follows swiftly.—New York Herald.

The Perfect Servant.

The thoroughly trained English servant is in his way the most perfect kind of servant to be found anywhere, and in his station and for his duties he is not to be matched in the world. Where will you find any men so competent in their work, so completely trained and apparently emotionless in manner, so punctual, so clean, so smart, as an English butler, coachman, footman or valet? Certainly not on the continent of Europe, in the United States, in Canada or in Australia.—Country Life.

Metals and Metaphors.

"It is most amazing," said a metallurgist, "how the world relies on metals for its metaphors and similes. Thus an orator is silver tongued or golden mouthed. An explorer is bronzed by African suns. A resolute chap has an iron will. A sluggard moves with leaden feet. An ostrich has a copper lined stomach. A millionaire has tin. A swindler is as slippery as quicksilver. A borrower has brass."—New York Press.

Mamma Remembered.

Papa (enraged)—Well, Constantia, daughter, I've never in all my life seen as soft, green, unsophisticated, spoony an idiot as young Puddington. Mamma (emphatically)—I have!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A son never realizes how much his own father knew until he starts to advise children of his own. — Florida Times-Union.

Looking For Trouble.

It generally depends on the way you look at things in this world whether or not you are going to have any heaven. If you go around brooding all the time and looking for trouble you'll get it.—Manchester (N. H.) Union.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

WHAT TRAIN DO YOU TAKE?

In Wiring Give Its Number, Name of Road and Time of Arrival.

When you telegraph a friend the next time you are going to visit him and that you'd be delighted to have him meet you at the train the next day, for heaven's sake telegraph him intelligently.

If the money, irritations and disappointments of the year were aggregated for the United States in hopelessly unintelligible telegrams of this kind, the average political economist would have a fit. When the average person in the small city or town decides on the jump to go to see a friend in the city and decides to telegraph that friend what train to meet, he becomes an unconscious imbecile.

Will leave for Chicago tonight on 8:30 train. Meet me.

This is the text of a ten word message which I received the other night from a friend in an Ohio city. He had started for Chicago before the telegram was received by me, and while I wanted immensely to meet him at the station instead of making the least effort to do so I took it out in swearing.

In sending a telegram announcing an arrival the name of the road and the train number are the two absolute essentials. It will be a help to the recipient of the message in most cases if the time of the arrival of the train be given also. Frequently, as between the two stations involved in such a message, a difference of one hour in standard time otherwise might confuse. But as between the number of the train and the numerals in the hour of arrival the telegrapher has a chance of error, and in writing the message these two sets of numerals should be separated by the name of the road. Taking the ten word message as the standard of length, then, any person going anywhere from any station on any railroad may use the one set form of telegraphic announcement of arrival:

Arrive No. 5, Lake Shore, due 8 o'clock Monday morning.

Ordinarily no possible further information is necessary in the greatest railway center in America. The train number is unchangeable on its own system. Any railway employee anywhere will identify the train in a moment. If the recipient of the telegram wishes to know whether the train is on time before he starts to the station, he can learn in a moment over the telephone by asking about No. 5, and in the query he will have the reader response for the reason that his informant will be grateful for the inquirer's succinct knowledge of train operations. —H. W. Field in Chicago Tribune.

A PAPER OF PINS.

Pins were introduced in the sixteenth century.

Then they were costly and highly prized as gifts.

A paper of pins was more acceptable than a bouquet.

An act was passed in 1543 making it illegal to charge more than eightpence a thousand for metal pins.

Persons of quality often used pins made of boxwood, bone and silver, while the poor put up with wooden skewers.

In those day husbands were often surprised at the great amount of money that went for pins; hence the term "pin money."

Not so many years ago the frugal American housewife was wont to teach pin economy by teaching her children that canny couplet, "See a pin and pick it up, all the day you'll have good luck."—Philadelphia Record.

The Indirect Method.

Homemade ice cream was a regular item on the bill of fare at Willie's house, and while he liked the cream he drew the line at turning the freezer. One day when his mother returned home she was agreeably surprised to find him working at the crank as if his life depended on it.

"I don't see how you got him to turn the ice cream freezer," she said to her husband. "I offered him a dime to do it, and he just laughed at me."

"You didn't go about it the right way, my dear," replied her husband. "I bet him a nickel he couldn't turn it for half an hour."—Harper's Weekly.

A Dog's Jealousy.

Dana is a huge St. Bernard who has his own ideas as to his importance. Whenever he wishes to attract attention he knocks his water pail over and then rolls it around, growling at it and making a great fuss. Then he puts his head in and throws the pail high in the air, batting at it with his paws as it comes down. If this does not have the desired effect he picks up the pail by the handle and takes it into the barn, where the noise is increased by far owing to the wooden floor. This performance is given whenever the horse is petted or when strangers come to the house.—Chicago Tribune.

Greenwich Observatory.

In the year 1675 King Charles II. of England founded the royal observatory at Greenwich in order that astronomical observations might be made for the assistance of sailors. The history of the observatory has been the history of chronology and of this practical side of astronomy. Its work and its standards have become distinctly international. The meridian of Greenwich now determines the longitude of the world.—Exchange.

She Had a Substitute.

Influential Member—I am glad to notice, doctor, that your wife never turns her head to see who comes into church late on Sunday morning. The Rev. Dr. Goodman—No, but she makes me tell her all about them after we go home. —Chicago Tribune.

Mixed.

Here is a mixture of kingdoms, if not of metaphors, taken from a history examination paper: "He stretched his sultry length beneath the ewe tree's shade." "Away back as far as the time of Jack Cartier England sent her ships into Hudson bay to trade beads and muskets with the Indians for ivory off the walrus tree."—Century.

THINKING ALOUD.

A Ruse Which Roused Lord Dudley and Formed a Friendship.

One of the earls of Dudley, who was addicted to the practice of thinking aloud, found himself in a very awkward predicament on a certain occasion. He was to spend the evening at the house of a friend and ordered his carriage early, as he had a long drive back to his own home.

When the hour arrived the carriage was not forthcoming. Seeing that Lord Dudley was considerably annoyed by the delay, one of the guests, whose way homeward lay past his lordship's house, politely offered him a seat in his carriage. The gentleman was almost a stranger to Lord Dudley, but the offer was accepted.

The drive did not prove a very sociable one. Lord Dudley took his seat and immediately relapsed into silence, his thoughts apparently engrossed by some unpleasant subject. Presently he began to speak in a low but distinctly audible tone of voice, and his companion, to his astonishment, heard him say:

"I'm very sorry I accepted his offer. I don't know the man. It was civil certainly, but the worst is I suppose I must ask him to dinner."

Silence followed this bit of audible thinking. His lordship was unaware that he had betrayed his thoughts and was probably still meditating upon the same unpleasant subject when the voice of his companion broke the stillness.

Apparently this stranger was afflicted with the same malady from which his lordship suffered, for he exactly imitated Lord Dudley's tone as he said:

"Perhaps he'll think I did it to make his acquaintance. Why, I would have done the same to any farmer on his estate. I hope he won't ask me to dinner, for I shan't accept his invitation."

Lord Dudley's abstraction was all gone. He listened to the other's words, immediately comprehending the joke against himself, and frankly offered his hand to his companion, making many apologies for his involuntary rudeness.

The stranger proved magnanimous, and from that night the two became fast friends.

THE TAXIDERMIST.

He Stretches Animal Skins Over Plaster of Paris Forms.

Recently a prominent taxidermist of St. Louis was taking a party of visitors through his establishment. He had some very rare specimens of big game fish, both of the sea and river, besides a large collection of birds of every clime about the walls.

"Is that stuffed, too?" asked a lady, indicating the lifelike form of a small pet dog which sat motionless upon the hearth.

The taxidermist frowned and returned very indignantly:

"Madam, we do no stuffing here. We stretch our hides over plaster of paris forms. The day of stuffing is past, and no up to date establishment does it."

The party was taken upstairs, through the rooms where the real taxidermy is done. They had expected to see hides being crammed full of sawdust, shavings and perhaps hair. No such thing was seen, however, and in place of this were men and boys molding out the forms of deer, antelope, fish and other kinds of animals in the smooth white plaster. This is done very much in the same way as the terra cotta cornices are molded to grace the corners of buildings. The hides after going through the cleaning process are stretched tightly over the plaster form, which indeed is more lasting than the old fashioned manner of stuffing them.

"Even specimens of fish are treated in this manner," resumed the taxidermist, "and you may easily see how a skin would retain its shape a great deal longer over the hard, smooth surface of the plaster than if a softer material were crammed into it, which if improperly done will bulge and last but a short time."—Exchange.

Lincoln's Last Law Case.

Lincoln tried his last case in Chicago. It was the case of Jones versus Johnson in April and May, 1860, in the United States circuit court before Judge Drummond. The case involved the title to land of very great value, the accretion on the shore of Lake Michigan. During the trial Judge Drummond and all the counsel on both sides, including Lincoln, dined together at the house of Isaac N. Arnold.

At the conclusion of the dinner this toast was proposed: "May Illinois furnish the next president of the United States." It was drunk with great enthusiasm by the friends of both Lincoln and Douglas. — Chicago Record-Herald.

The Wary Crow.

The crow is useful in killing mice, snakes, lizards and frogs and is a splendid scavenger. He is quite wary, will always flee from a man with a gun, but pays little attention to the ordinary pedestrian. These birds are gregarious in their habits and make their large, untidy nests at the tops of trees. They come in flocks to the sleeping grove, sit around on the ground, and when all are assembled they rise simultaneously and scramble for nests. Crows mate for life.

Still His Daughter.

Old Gotrox—But if my daughter marries you, will she have all the comforts to which she has been accustomed? Young Dellroque—Well, it will be your fault if she hasn't.—Chicago News.

Shopping In London.

One of the first things an American man or woman rushes out to buy in London is a serviceable well cut mackintosh, and the second article to be purchased is usually an umbrella. A man can buy in London a smart waterproof which with occasional reproofing will last him a lifetime for 3 or 4 guineas. In New York a very bad imitation will cost him from $40 to $50. The British umbrella is not only a thing of beauty in workmanship, but it will outlast all competitors across the seas.—London Express.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS
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The Kind You Have Always Bought
In Use For Over 30 Years.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

First Meerchaum Pipe.

Kavol Kowates, a Pesth shoemaker, invented the meerschaum pipe. He died in 1764 and there is talk among Pesth smokers of erecting a statue to his memory.

A large piece of meerschaum was brought to Pesth by Count Andrassy in 1723. It had been given to the Count in Turkey. He fetched it home because as a piece of white clay of extraordinary light specific gravity it pleased him.

Kavol Kowates was noted in Pesth for his skill in carving and Count Andrassy took his chunk of light white clay to him and said:

"Make, fellow, something pretty out of this."

The ingenious Kavol, a great smoker, thought that the porousness of the white clay adapted it well for pipes, and accordingly he made two from it, one for himself and one for Count Andrassy.

The pipes were charming and they smoked superbly. The fame of them spread. In course of time meerschaum mining and meerschaum pipemaking became two of the recognized industries of the world.

The original Kavol Kowates pipe, the world's first meerschaum, is still preserved in the Pesth museum.

A Case of Professional Pride.

Winthrop E. Stone, president of Purdue University, in an address in Lafayette said of ignorance:

"Ignorance makes all it touches ridiculous. Nothing, not even culture, is immune to its attacks. Did you ever hear of the ignorant millionaire's library?

"Well, there was a millionaire, a cattleman, who led a visitor into a great room lined with thousands of volumes.

"'See them books?' he said.

"'Yes,' said the visitor.

"'They're all bound in calf, ain't they?'

"'Yes,' the visitor agreed, 'they seem to have a uniform calf binding.'

"The millionaire chuckled proudly.

"'Well, sir,' he said, 'I killed all them calves myself.'"—Washington Star.

Didn't Need it.

Barber (absentminded)—Won't you have your hair singed, sir?

Victim—No, thanks! That poor lone hair on top is roasted on every occasion.—Detroit Tribune.

Mr. Malubrakes was expressing his gratification at meeting the valedictorian of the class.

"I am glad to know you, young man," he said. "You have acquitted yourself proudly. I never believed the old saying anyhow, that the valedictorian is always an ass—and I don't believe it now, of course—I only mention it to show how absurd—in fact, there was no need of my bringing it up at all, only I was somehow reminded—though there is no reason, to be sure, why I should have been reminded—except that I always seem to be making a double-dyed, pumpkin-headed, blamed—well, anyway, I predict that you will make a splendid record for—for—what do you suppose, Mr. Bryton, is the reason the Cubs go all to pieces when they play the Pirates?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, my husband has made a great name for himself in literature."

"Does he not go on the lecture platform this spring?"

"Yes. I am just trying to have him lecture in the city where I spent my girlhood."

"So that you can show him off to your friends? An excusable ambition."

"No, indeed! So that I can show him off to my enemies!"—Houston Post.

Block Island & Providence.
POPULAR
STEAMER
New Shoreham

Leaves Commercial wharf, Newport, on week days, 11.15 a. m.; Sundays, 11.40 a. m. Due Block Island, week days, 1.15 p. m., Sundays, 1.40 p. m. Returning, leaves Block Island daily, 8.30 a. m., due Newport, 4.15 p. m., Providence, 7.15 p. m.

The New England Steamship Company.

S. G. WILSON, Agent, Newport.
F. C. COLEY, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., N. Y.

FALL RIVER LINE
FOR NEW YORK
—THE—
SOUTH & WEST

Palatial Steamers Priscilla and Puritan

In commission.

Orchestra and Wireless Telegraphy on each.

LEAVE NEWPORT—Week days at 9.15 p. m., Sundays at 10.00 p. m. Returning leave New York Pier 19, North River, foot of Warren Street, daily, 5.30 p. m., due at Newport at 2.45 a. m., leaving there at 3.45 a. m., for Fall River.

Tickets and staterooms at New York & Boston Despatch Express office, 272 Thames street, J. I. Greene, Ticket Agent. Also at Saunder's wharf, Jamestown, A. W. BRICE, Ticket Agent.

THE NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

C. C. GARDNER, Agent, Newport, R. I.
F. C. COLEY, Gen'l Pass'r Agt., N. Y.

New York, New Haven
& Hartford Railroad.

Time tables showing local and through train service between all stations may be obtained at all ticket offices of this company.

ON and after June 2, 1907, trains will leave NEWPORT, for BOSTON, SOUTH STATION, week days, 5.50, 6.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. Return 6.35, 8.50, 10.00 a. m., 12.50, 2.50, 3.55, 4.50, 6.00, 8.50 p. m. MIDDLETOWN and PORTSMOUTH, 6.50, 8.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 6.00, 9.10 p. m. BRAYFORD and COREY'S LANE (flag stop), 6.50, 8.50, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m. TIVERTON, FALL RIVER and TAUNTON, 5.50, 8.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 6.00, 9.10 p. m. MIDDLEBORO, 5.50, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. HYANNIS, 6.50, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PROVINCETOWN, 5.50 a. m., 3.05 p. m. PLYMOUTH, 5.50, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. NEW BEDFORD, 5.50, 6.50, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 5.00 p. m. FITCHBURG and Marlboro and So. Framingham, 8.10, 11.04 a. m., 3.05, 9.10 p. m. LOWELL, 11.04 a. m., 3.05 p. m. OAK BLUFFS, 1.00 p. m. PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren) 6.50, 8.50, 8.10, 9.00, 11.04 a. m., 1.00, 3.05, 5.00, 9.10 p. m.

SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 8.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.50 a. m., 12.50, 4.27, 8.50, 8.00 p. m. For PROVIDENCE (via Fall River and Warren), 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 5.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For BRAYFORD and COREY'S LANE, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 8.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village and Taunton, 7.02, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 8.00, 5.00, 9.05 p. m. New Bedford, 8.00, 11.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.

Afloat from Fall River.

A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
O. M. SHEPARD, Gen'l Sup't.

Old Colony Street Railway Co.

Newport & Fall River Division.

TIME TABLE.

Leave Newport, a6.10, 6.50, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.15.

Leave Fall River, a5.15, 5.55, 6.30, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, 11.15, 11.45, 12.15, 12.45, 1.15, 1.45, 2.15, 2.45, 3.15, 3.45, 4.15, 4.45, 5.15, 5.45, 6.15, 6.45, 7.15, 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, c11.15.

a. Omitted Sunday.
b. To Portsmouth Car Barn.
c. To Library corner, Portsmouth, only.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 30, 1907.

Leave Mile Corner for Morton Park—6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m., and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Mile Corner—6.52 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for Beach—6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.15 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach—6.45 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin street for One Mile Corner—6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin street for Morton Park—6.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m. and then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin street—6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

Subject to change without notice.

GEORGE F. SEIBEL,
General Superintendent.

C. L. BISBEE,
Division Superintendent.

Veiled Threat.

Mrs. Benham—Mother says that she would not live always.

Benham—You bet she wouldn't, unless justifiable homicide went out of style.—New York Press.

Just What He Deserved.

"I don't understand you at all," said Pierce Trevor to his friend, Ralph Dewey. "Reveal yourself to me."

"You talk as if I were a conundrum."

"So you are. Now look here, Dewey, let's have a clear comprehension of the matter. Do you love Alice White?"

"Well—yes—I rather think, on the whole, that I am a little taken with the sparkling brunette."

"A little taken! How very enthusiastic you are. And she, poor child, is more than a little taken with you."

"I flatter myself that you are right."

"Well, then, why don't you ask her to marry you?"

Dewey groaned.

"There it is?" he exclaimed. "You are all in such a hurry. Can't a man admire a girl without being brought to book for it the very next day? I won't be hurried. When I get ready I'll ask Alice to marry me. Are you satisfied, dear boy?"

"Far from it."

"As Miss White is only your wife's cousin I really don't recognize your right to catechize me."

"Does that mean that I am to mind my own business?"

Ralph laughed.

"Construe it as you please, only pray don't bother me any more."

He threw himself lazily on the grass, flinging his cigar into the very heart of a cluster of wild flowers, and making an impromptu pillow of his arms crossed under his head.

"Sleep, then," said Trevor, contemptuously. "I can't afford to lose the brightest hours of a golden day like this."

Our hero had not lain there many minutes before the soft chime of girlish voices sounded through the lazy hum of summer insects and the monotonous murmur of green boughs overhead.

"Girls!" muttered Dewey. "Can't a fellow be clear of 'em anywhere? But they are on the other side of the copse, that's one blessing, and if I keep quiet they'll never discover my ambush."

They were on the other side of the copse—three bright-faced, merry girls in fluttering raiment.

"It's so delightfully cool here," said Hilda Aymer, a fair young girl.

"And one can talk here too," said Mary Bell. "At the hotel one is never certain of not being overheard."

Ralph Dewey gave a silent chuckle at this announcement.

Alice White, leaning against the twisted trunk of a veteran tree, devoted her attention to her parasol handle. She was the prettiest of the three, with deep liquid brown eyes, and hair black as jet, while her skin, just touched with a creamy tint, glowed carmine on her cheek.

"Alice, do let me try!" said Hilda. "It will be such a splendid joke, and your complaisant adorer is so long in making up his mind."

"But, oh, dear me!—what will Capt. Aymer think?"

"He'll be delighted; men always glory in a bit of mischief, and Kent is such a splendid actor."

"Do, Alice!" urged Mary Bell. "It will be just like the theatre. Hilda's brother is to pretend to be desperately in love with you, and you are to encourage his attentions until that slow-moving Dewey is brought to the point. I expect to enjoy the progress of the situation intensely."

"But your brother must fully understand the scheme," said Alice hesitatingly.

"Of course—shan't I explain it to him myself? There's not a bit of harm in it, and Mr. Dewey certainly needs some stimulus. Now, do consent! Kent will be here this evening, remember!"

"She doesn't forbid it, Hilda," eagerly cried Miss Bell, "and all the world knows that silence gives consent. Come, see how long the shadows are getting."

And soon the three Graces fluttered down the hillside.

Dewey rose to his feet and walked away also.

"My dear little girls," said he, by way of soliloquy, "it's a cleverly concocted plan; but it won't work, and I've no doubt I shall enjoy it as much as Miss Bell proposes to do." And he began to chuckle again, to think how completely he should outgeneral his feminine adversaries. "I'll keep Alice in suspense for another month just to pay her for that!" he added, within himself. "I like the girl well enough, but, for all that, I won't be hurried into matrimony."

Knowing what he knew, therefore, Ralph was not at all surprised that evening when he walked into the hotel parlor, to see a stylish young man in the uniform of a captain sitting on the sofa, and devoting himself to his own Alice White.

"Let 'em work," said Mr. Dewey, with a covert smile.

Then he began to play backgammon with a pretty widow.

From beneath her long lashes Alice watched her lover.

"It doesn't produce any effect at all upon him—the brute!" said Hilda, who had expected to see the delinquent brought to terms forth-with.

"That is because we do not put it on strong enough," said the captain. "Alice—may I call you Alice?"

"Oh, certainly—it is all in the play," returned Miss White.

"Well, then, Alice, I think we ought to promenade through the halls arm in arm for a while, and if I were to whisper, instead of speaking aloud, I think—"

Alice laughed and consented, and the whole evening long she and the captain exchanged very commonplace remarks in very confidential whispers, while Mr. Dewey and the widow played serenely.

"I like this game," said Capt. Kent to his sister, when Miss White had gone to her room. "She is the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Oh, but, Kent, you mustn't fall in love with her."

"I shall not fall in love with her—there's no danger," said Aymer; "but it's such fun! I'm so much obliged to you for suggesting it!"

Alice cried herself to sleep that night. Dewey didn't seem to care a pin whether she flirted or not.

The next day she went out horse-riding with the captain. Kent sat his horse like a centaur, and Alice came back rosy as a whole bed of carnations.

"Are you going with us to the falls tomorrow Alice?" asked Mr. Dewey that evening. "We said something about going together a week or so ago, didn't we?"

Alice was ready with her lesson.

"Did we? I had forgotten. Besides, I promised to go with Capt. Aymer.

"With Aymer?"

"Yes."

"Oh, well, all right. I can take Julia Symington."

Alice's lip quivered; but Hilda shook her head at her, and she did not call back her lover, as had been her first impulse. Capt. Aymer proved a most devoted cavalier, and Alice half reproached herself that she had enjoyed the day so much.

"It is very wrong of me," sighed she to Hilda, her faithful confidante.

"No, it isn't, it's exactly right," responded her chum.

"I—I begin to be afraid he doesn't care much for me."

"He's a brute!" asserted Hilda, "and it would serve him right if you never looked at him again."

So the glowing midsummer swept by, and Mr. Dewey held aloof, hugging himself to think how he was outwitting the conspirators, though an occasional twinge of jealously now and then upset him.

Presently there was a short outcry among the allied forces. An order had come from the inexorable War Department, and the captain must go to Washington at once.

"The matter was getting serious," thought Ralph. "But just as soon as that confounded puppy gets away I'll make Alice a happy woman. Maybe, though, it will be well to punish her a bit longer."

"Oh, Alice, aren't you sorry?" sobbed Hilda, clinging to her tall brother, whose face was unwontedly grave.

"Yes, Hilda," said Alice. "I am very sorry."

Capt. Aymer looked penetratingly into her face. There were real tears sparkling and quivering on her lashes, and the roses had paled from her cheeks.

"Alice!" he said impetuously, "is it from your heart?"

Alice, silly little creature that she was, began to cry, and Hilda rushed forward exclaiming:

"Oh, Kent, you promised that—"

"A man isn't responsible for his fate, and I've fallen in love with her," declared the young officer. "Alice, am I to love you in vain? Tell me, my sweetheart."

The girl tried to smile.

"Of—of course, this is part of the programme," she faltered.

"By Jove, but it is not" cried Aymer. "What was jest has become earnest. I love you, Alice. I cannot leave you here to become the bride of that conceited puppy. Tell me that I may hope."

Hilda seized both her friend's hands in a firm grip.

"She loves you, Kent—she loves you! I see it in her eyes!" she cried, exultantly.

"Stand aside, sister mine," said Aymer. "I have the first right here. She is mine now." And tenderly he folded her to his heart.

Yes; it was true that the little morsel of acting had become strong, lifelong reality. Kent and Alice had played at lovers until love, the sly rogue, crept into both their hearts with almost unperceived footsteps.

"Are you unhappy, Alice?" asked the young soldier, when all was settled, and his sister had run off to tell Mary Bell, as a great secret, how the stratagem had ended.

"Oh, Kent," whispered the girl, "I never before knew what true happiness was."

Capt. Aymer must have been unreasonable indeed not to be satisfied with the answer. He departed, carrying with him the loving heart of Alice White.

Ralph Dewey contemplated the departure of Hilda's brother with no small degree of satisfaction.

"Now's my chance," he thought. "I think, on the whole, I'll not keep her in suspense any longer, poor child! I only wanted to let them see that I wasn't to be coerced."

Mr. Dewey proposed accordingly in due form that very day.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Dewey," said Alice, looking provokingly lovely, "but—but I'm already engaged."

"Engaged?"

"Yes, to Capt. Aymer."

"Now, Alice," said Ralph argumentatively, "what's the use of keeping up this farce any longer? Of course, I know it is all a stratagem."

"It is not," said Alice indignantly. "I love him and he loves me—and behold my engagement ring."

She held up her finger as she spoke, whereon a solitary diamond glittered.

So Mr. Dewey found himself outmaneuvered after all, and accordingly retreated in as good order as possible, while Pierce Trevor, Hilda, Miss Bell and all the rest returned a unanimous verdict of "Just what he deserved, exactly."—Harper's Weekly.

How to Resign.

"Going to resign, are you?" asked Assistant Postmaster General Wynne, of an indignant person who had been pouring his grief into his ears. "Can't stand it another minute, eh? Put up with it as long as you could, and now you're going to throw up your job and tell your chief what you think of him? Yes, I know. Last straw and all that sort of thing? Uh-huh.

"Did you ever see my set of rules for resigning? I framed them up years ago when I was in the newspaper business, and I have used them ever since. I have resigned often since then, always in the way prescribed in these rules. Perhaps they will be of service to you. Here they are:

"Rule 1. After receiving the last straw don't do anything for two hours. Above all, don't write anything.

"Rule 2. At the expiration of two hours, write your resignation and make it as hot as you can. Relieve your feelings and say everything you have been penning up in your breast. Scorch the scoundrel.

"Rule 3. Then go home.

"Rule 4. The next morning, immediately upon arising, read over your resignation and tear it up.

"Rule 5. Go to work at the usual hour.

"Take a copy of them," concluded Mr. Wynne, "and you will find that they are absolutely essential to any man who expects to resign frequently and still continue rising in the world."—New York Times.

"He's the most pestiferous little pup in town, sir," exclaimed the angry neighbor, "and you've got to keep him at home or I'll take a club to him the next time he comes over here and tramples my flower beds and"—

"You dare to so much as shake your little finger at that dog of mine, and I'll knock your head off!" shouted the other man.

"Who said anything about your dog? I mean that youngest boy of yours."

"Oh, well, that's different. I'll give him a talking to and whip him if he bothers you anymore."—Judge.

"Why," asked her mother, "do you always play them classical tunes when we have company?"

"So that if I happen now and then to hit the wrong key they'll never know the difference."—Chicago Record-Herald.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Driving Home The Cows.

Out of the clover and blue eyed grass,
He turned them into the river lane.
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy,—and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go;
Two already were lying dead,
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim.
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet,
And the blind bats flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with appleblooom;
And now when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one.

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind,
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who is it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometime yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane,

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.
—From Harper's Magazine, in Civil War Days.

Early Government of Rhode Island.

By James N. Arnold in the Sunday Tribune.

I think the reader will here meet a surprise when the question as to what towns furnish the executive power of the Colony is once called to his attention. We have not entered into a general detail, yet if the reader is interested enough to pursue the subject futher, the State Manual will give him all the information he desires and I earnestly invite him to study the lists of the Executive Officers and note what a great preparation came from Newport in Colonial Days.

Let us open the inquiry by glancing at these officers and we will start with the patent.

The President from May, 1747 to Nov. 25, 1763, came from Newport with the exception of one year, held by John Smith, of Norwich, and about two years seven months held by Roger Williams. Under the Charter the Government was from Newport until 1727, without a break.

The Lieutenant Governoror Deputy Governor, as it was then known, came from Newport under the charter without a break until May, 1790. There was no such office under the patent.

The General Recorder or Secretary of State was from Newport and Portsmouth without break until December, 1797, under both patent and charter, a term of 150 years.

The Attorney or Solicitor General was more broken. Under the patent, John Greene of Warwick, May 19, 1657 to May 22, 1660, filled the office. The rest of the time it was held by Newport and Portsmouth. Under the charter until Oliver Arnold of Providence was elected in May, 1766, the office had been held by these towns except 25 years by North Kingstown and 10 by Warwick, and excepting the two years when County Attorneys served.

The General Treasurer was held by Portsmouth eight years and Newport the rest of the time until Feb. 15, 1872, and by the latter town without a break near 208 years.

If such a record as this is not convincing that the Rhode Island was the real founder of the State, I would like to know what more is needed. Remember, from the setting up of the patent in 1647, until the death of Mr. Williams in 1683 he had been at the head about two years and eight months and Smith one year; all the rest of the time Newport held the office.

The town government is now in order. On the 27th of fifth month, 1640, the Board of Arbitrators reported on a form of town government at Providence, and Judge Staples gives us to understand that there was no real Town Council or delegated authority, but only a half-way affair until after the charter of 1663, the first regular Town Council being elected in 1664.

Warwick, he says, held to a similar idea, but after the patent was set up they elected their first Council in 1647.

Under the Rhode Colony, Portsmouth started out with a real Council, 13th of third month, 1638, and Newport followed, 28th of second month, 1639.

By this it seems Portsmouth was 26, Newport 25 and Warwick 17 years ahead of Providence in the organization of a town government.

A theory may sound very pretty, may seem very plausible, may appear just and yet in actual practice work very unsatisfactory and develop much friction.

Judge Staples gives us to understand that the first government at Providence was a pure democracy: that they started out with the idea of conveying no delegated power upon any one. If this is true and if Mr. Williams's system of government is on this system founded, then we must go further and concede that Mr. Williams held that a minister should be settled and provided for, and he was to have his hand on every movement. In brief, all the delegated authority should be given to one man, and that in this case to himself and he responsible to God alone for his conduct.

It was here that the parties drew the line. While all were agreed that they should delegate no power further than the time or opportunity demanded, they insisted the priest come in with the others, while Mr. Williams held he alone should be delegated with responsibility to God. In brief, all his great toleration in spiritual matters is here concentrated into these two terse sentences:

I am Hildebrand, therefore right, hence you are wrong. You must tolerate me because I am right; I cannot tolerate you because you are wrong.

If a student of history will carefully follow Mr. Williams's public actions and decide by the facts presented in the case, I feel convinced they cannot fail to become of my opinion.

To return, now, to the town government of Providence. It must be admitted the moment you delegate power in one direction you have before you a precedent for delegation in another. The great questions has been for ages, what, how and when to delegate and how to control and recall the power given. The town, country, State and national portions of our great republic are to-day solving this problem before the world.

The Providence settlement held doggedly to their resolution to try out the pure democratic idea. Often it was made plain to them that what was everybody's business was nobody's business. Hence friction came often by each one waiting for somebody else to move first or to set the ball rolling. Such a state of affairs was a paradise for a man who delighted to be in hot water with his brothers, if not over a spiritual question then a political one. So long, therefore, as a man like Williams could keep up such a turmoil, just so long he could be in his element. Such men are heedless of the fact that it is a long lane that has no turn in it. They forget there is a settling day; that such a day surely comes and when it does come he who has labored in this field of turmoil gets generally routed and retired in disgrace. This has been the fate of scores before Mr. Williams's time and since his time also, and it overtook him, sternly sweeping him aside forever.

The settlers, as I said, held doggedly to their resolution but in the end they came to the same conclusion as had the three other towns. They had become satisfied that these towns were far more prosperous than they and their town affairs were in far better and more harmonious condition. In order, therefore, to be placed in a similar position, they followed the good example that had been set them. When this conclusion was reached, the days of Mr. Williams as a spiritual and political actor were doomed.

Right here it is to the interest of the reader who is determined to know the truth, to note the disordered condition of affairs at Providence and to contrast it with the orderly affairs in the other towns. Note particularly that Providence got tired of this turmoil and acknowledged, as their public records show, that unless they stopped this disorder and established a more orderly system, that doom and ruin were before them. Note that Providence is the only town of the four original ones that has recorded this admission of failures. It is in face of such damaging facts that my contention is backed, for I claim that our proud little State was not a failure, but a success; that it started at Portsmouth and Newport with Coddington and his associates; that it is to them and their labors that we are indebted for all of our historic fame.

In brief I charge that the ministerial historian or misrepresentor has taken our public records and struck out "William Coddington and Company" and written "Roger Williams and Company;" have struck out "Portsmouth" and written "Providence." Newport has been ignored.

Take the State manual's list of executive officers and just write "Providence" in the list down to 1790, the end of our colonial existence, and "Newport" in the opposite places. Substitute "Providence Plantations" for "Rhode Island Colony." Then consider what a beautiful record is given Providence, and beyond all doubt it will be conceded that Providence has the finest colonial historical page, and narrative for the soul-given principle of liberty that can be shown in any colonial annals. Unfortunately, the day has now come when this rank forgery is exposed and an attempt is being made to restore the historic facts as they were and to credit those only to whom credit is justly due, and to credit none others. This is the sole desire and only aim of these letters "to dare call attention to the truth and to stand by our public records as they were written."

Proof of Property.

The teacher had found a lead pencil on the floor of the school room.

"Children," she asked, holding it up, "does this belong to any of you?"

For several seconds there was no answer. Then a little girl timidly raised her hand.

"Is it yours, Bessie?" said the teacher.

"Yes'm."

"You are sure of it, are you? How do you recognize it?"

"I don't like to tell."

"But you will have to tell or I can't let you have it."

"I—I recognize it, teacher, by the way it's sharpened. If it wasn't sure enough mine I'd be mighty clear of owniu' up to such a job as that."

Bessie got her pencil.—Chicago Tribune.

She Was Hopeful.

"I fear," said the friend of the family, "that your wedded happiness will be of short duration."

"Well," rejoined the fair maid who had just been annexed by an aged multimillionaire, "I hope your fear is not without foundation."—Chicago News.

Mr. Cocklin, while walking in thick grass near the Marico river, Bechuanaland, was thrown to the ground by a fourteen foot python, which coiled round his legs and then tried to drag him to a tree nearby, so that, by coiling its tail round the trunk, it might proceed to crush him to death.

When within two yards of the tree Mr. Cocklin got a hand free and shot the snake, which was so heavy that it needed three men to lift it.—East London Dispatch.

"You can answer me one more question, perhaps, Miss Bute," said Archie, mortified at her refusal. "Is there any other man?"

"There is every other man, sir," she responded, with flashing eyes. "You would be absolutely the last, Mr. Feathertop.

As there appeared to be no further business before the house, Archie hastily adjourned without form.—Chicago Tribune.

"What's the matter, John?" asked Mrs. Ballfan, as her husband opened the morning paper; "has your firm gone to the wall?"

"It's worse than that," he groaned "The sporting page is missing."

Hotel proprietor—Has not the man in No. 15 received his bill yet?

Head waiter—Certainly. Fifteen minutes ago.

"Strange. I hear him still singing in his room."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

"I had supposed until yesterday, doctor, that the days of the bleeding of patients were past."

"And so they are. But what changed your mind?"

"The bill you sent me."

Making Friends with the Wild Birds

In Harper's for July, A. W. Dimock writes of a recent visit to one of the Islands of the Everglades, in Florida, where he went to study the many kinds of wild birds living there. No guns were fired, and the birds, seeing that no harm was intended, soon became tame.

"Day after day we paddled our canoe in the little sloughs around and through the rookery, and each day the birds grew tamer. The camera man waded and climbed trees, cut poles and made longs legs for his camera, until he got the views he wanted of eggs and young birds, while the mother birds fussed around him and scolded at first, but sometimes came back to their nests before the work was finished. Nature worked daily miracles through these young birds. One day they were egg-shaped pouches of parchment, stuffed by their parents with lumps of dead fish, and in a very few hours, by processes so rapid as to be almost visible, they had converted the offensive mass into living flesh and feathers, and in a few days evolved form and beauty from a chaos of corruption. When the camera man wanted young birds that had graduated from their nests, they had to be chased through the swamp and followed up the trees, and our hunter boy went up the latter like a squirrel, and sloshed through mud and water like an otter, sometimes for a long distance, but he always brought back his bird, even if he had to cross deep sloughs to get him. He taught the birds he caught to pose by petting them and putting them on the branches chosen by the camera man, and when they scrambled away, by catching them again, scolding them, stroking them.

"The system never failed at the time, but when afterwards we paddled among the nests, certain vociferous young birds scrambled in haste from their homes to the tops of the tallest trees, and curlew matrons croaked from their nests, 'Johnny can't pose today; he isn't feeling well.' Birds too young to get away were very friendly, and from many nests our approach was hailed with cries of welcome, and mouths opened wide for the fish and frogs that often went with us. Mother birds, too, grew unfearful, and as we fed their babies, looked on with complacency if not gratitude. One snake-bird, or water turkey, which on our first call dropped from her nest into the water in the clumsy fashion of her species, on our later visits merely stepped aside and viewed with approval our performance of her duty. Her two youngsters used to stand on the extreme edge of the nest, with wide-opened bills extended for the delicacies we brought them, until one of them fell into the water, and when we tried to rescue him, gave a full-grown exhibition of the aquatic skill which was his inheritance. That night he disappeared, and we thought we knew the hawk that got him, but couldn't afford to destroy with a gun the confidence of our feathered cronies, even to avenge one of them."

A Boy.

Bishop Millspaugh, in Abilene last week, related an experience he had while visiting an eastern Kansas parish. He was entertained at the home of a citizen whose wife he had known in her girlhood years. It was an imposing matter for the hostess. She was not perturbed for herself; she knew that the bishop's dignity was soluble in social attentions—but there were two sons, six and eight years old. How could they keep within bounds?

For two days before the eventful visitation she cautioned, scolded and counselled. With greatly depressed manners and dutiful meekness, the boys went through the Saturday evening dinner without a break, and the mother's heart was well pleased.

On Sunday morning, however, many extra little frills were added to the breakfast. There was a fruit course, followed by one of 'dainty oatmeal. Then the plates were taken away and the choicest chops the town meat market could supply, garnished and adorned, came on.

The boys watched this triple coursed splendor wonderingly, and ate with appreciation. When finger bowls were reached, Donald could restrain himself no longer. Turning to the bishop he exclaimed unctuously:

"That was the best breakfast I ever et."

Mother frowned, father smiled, and the bishop tried to look unconscious.

Emboldened by his brother's success as a conversationalist Robert addressed the guest:

"I 'spose you have breakfus' like that ev'ry day, don't you?"

Then the bishop knew—but he had suspected before.—Kansas City Star.

Kukeker—What was the size of the fish he caught?

Hocker—Between a lie and fake.

For Over Sixty Years.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

There are 26,000 letters posted without addresses in England every year.

Big Dinners.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

About 150 whales are captured yearly. Each whale averages 2000 gallons of oil.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

Science has cut down the diphtheria mortality in a few years from 60 to 10 per cent.

Mrs. Chas. Smith of Jimes, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

There are forty publications in the world devoted to Esperanto.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

Two Royal Sailors.

Princes are far less free than are untitled boys in many ways. For one thing, they can have very little to say about their own futures. Doubtless Prince Edward, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, and Prince Albert, his next younger brother, have had their moments of thinking that they would like to be cowboys in western America, or African explorers, or perhaps candy manufacturers, when they grow up. But whatever their youthful yearnings were, they must do what is marked out for them to do.

However, their prospective fate is not very bad. A good many American boys will be inclined to envy them. For Prince Edward is going to be a soldier and Prince Albert is going to be sailor, and both boys, perhaps, will presently have a trip around the world in a big battleship, manned for them. To be sure, they must first go to two training schools in succession, and submit to strict discipline. But that is only for a time.

The Prince of Wales, their father, who was brought up a sailor, wanted both the boys to join the navy, but the king, their grandfather, insisted that the eldest one must enter the army. And the king had his way. But the king has agreed to compromise. Both boys will go to the Royal Naval College at Osborne and remain two years, and later they will go to the training college at Darthmouth. After that Prince Edward will prepare for the army, and will be drafted into a cavalry regiment, while the younger boy will remain in the navy.

In one respect the princes will be "let off easy" at the Osborne Naval College because of their royal birth. The examinations will be what children call "just pretend." But in all other ways they will be just as strictly disciplined as any of the other boys at the college.—New York Tribune.

London's Water Supply.

It has been calculated that if a cistern covering 850 acres and 345 feet high could be constructed and the water supply of London for one year turned into it, the warships of all the world's navies could ride at anchor there. The figures are given by Tit-Bits which adds:

"If we now dig a canal 100 feet wide across Europe, from the extreme north to the south, and empty our cistern into it, we shall find that the water in our canal, which is 2,400 miles long, will rise to a uniform height of ten feet.

"Every drop of it is consumed by the inhabitants of Greater London within a year; while each man, woman and child living today throughout the world could draw fifty gallons from it without exhausting its contents.

The mains through which these hundreds of millions of tons of water flow for the use of London are almost long enough to stretch a quarter of the way around the earth at the equator, while it would take a locomotive, traveling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, more than four days and nights to race from one end of them to the other."

Not Time to Pitch it Back.

Senator Knox tells the following story of the President:

"President Roosevelt," he said "was surprised by a Kansas delegation at Oyster Bay not long ago. The President appeared with coat and collar off, trousers hitched by belt and mopping his forehead.

"'Ah, gentlemen,'" he said, 'delighted to see you, delighted. But I'm very busy putting in my hay, you know. Just come down to the barn with me and we'll talk it over while I work.'

"Down to the barn hustled delegation and President.

"Mr. Roosevelt seized a pitchfork. But, behold, there was no hay on the floor! 'John, John,' shouted the President to sounds in the hayloft, 'where's all the hay?'

"'I ain't had time to throw it back, sir, since you threw it up yesterday, sir,' came a man's voice from the loft."

Fell Into Bad Company.

A canny Scot was brought before a Magistrate on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. "What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the Magistrate. "You look like a respectable man, and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I am verra sorry, sir, but I cam' up in bad company fra Glasgow," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotalers are bad company?" thundered the Magistrate. "I think they are the best of company for such as you."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered the prisoner, "ye're wrong; for I had a bottle of whusky an' I had to drink it all myself!"—Reynold's Newspaper.

The Big Man's Belt.

Billy James, Probate Court Clerk, was looking at belts in a Euclid avenue haberdashery the other day.

He had some difficulty in getting one that suited him and that was at the same time long enough to meet the requirements of his girth.

"How much is this?" he asked at last, when he saw one that seemed to be about it.

The clerk told him it would cost him $2.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the genial Billy. "Ain't that a pretty stiff price for one belt?" he inquired.

"Yes," admitted the clerk, "but after they get up into regular suzclugle size we charge for them by the pound."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Slight Misunderstanding.

"Pardon me," said the amateur artist, "but didn't I overhear you speak of my latest picture as a rare painting?"

"No, you didn't," growled the critic. "I said it was raw."—Boston Transcript.

The Sympathizer.

"Croaker seems to feel a great sympathy for any one who is ill."

"Huh! His idea of sympathy is to get some poor invalid in a corner and tell him how miserable he's looking."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mrs. Benham—You used to say that you would give your life for me. Benham—That was when I was sick and expected to die anyway.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1907.

NOTES.

THE ELLERYS OF AMERICA.

Continued.

21. Anstis Ellery, born Bristol, R. I., 19 Feb., 1697, died 31 May, 1769. She married 1st, August, 1716, John Almy, born Tiverton, R. I., 10 Oct., 1692, son of William Almy, born Portsmouth, R. I., 27 Oct., 1665, died 6 July, 1747; married 2d Hope (3) Borden, born 3 March, 1655, Portsmouth, died 1762; daughter of John (2) Borden, born Portsmouth Sept., 1640, died 4 June, 1716, married 25 Dec., 1670, Mary (3) Earle, born 1655, died June, 1734; daughter of William (2) Earle, born Portsmouth, died 15 Jan., 1715, married Mary Walker, daughter of John and Katharine Walker; son of Ralph (1) Earle, born England, died Portsmouth, 1678, and wife Joan, died 1680. John (2) Borden was son of Richard (1) Borden, born England, 1601, died Portsmouth, 25 May, 1671, and Joan his wife, born England, 1604, died Portsmouth, 15 July, 1668. Their ch'ldren were:

61. John Almy, born 9 July, 1718; married Mary ——, born Dec., 1739.

62. Anstice Almy born 7 Aug. 1720; married Benjamin Almy, 22 May, 1751.

63. Mary Almy, born 3 Feby., 1721-2.

64. Benjamin Almy, born 16 Dec., 1724, married Mary Gould, 27 Oct., 1762.

Anstis Ellery married 2nd 3 Oct., 1735, as his second wife Thomas Coggeshall, born 8 Oct., 1687, died 25 April, 1762, at Newport, son of Freegift (3) Coggeshall, born Newport, 1 March, 1657, died 27 Feb., 1728, married 31 Dec., 1688, Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Matthews of Yarmouth, Mass. She died Newport 16 June, 1748, at 84. Son of John (2) Coggeshall, born England, came to Boston 1632, with his father John (1) Coggeshall and wife Mary. He married 2nd Dec., 1655, Patience, daughter of John Throckmorton, who came to America with Roger Williams, in ship Lyon 1631, and settled in Providence. Their children were:

65. John Coggeshall, born 27 Oct., 1736, died 10 January, 1737.

66. William Coggeshall, born 27 Nov., 1746, married Elizabeth Moore, 28 Feb., 1771.

22. Abigail Ellery, born Bristol, R. I., 24 Feb., 1698, married in Newport, 15 Dec., 1715, Hon. George (3) Wanton, born at Scituate, R. I., 24 Aug., 1694; son of Gov. William (2) Wanton, born Newport 15 Sept., 1670, died Dec., 1733, married 1 June, 1691, Ruth Bryant, daughter of John and Mary (Hiland) Bryant, son of Edward (1) Wanton, born England 1629, came to Boston about 1645, married, 2d, 1663, Elizabeth ——, born in England. He died in Scituate, R. I., 16 Dec., 1716. Their children were:

67. Elizabeth Wanton, born 10 Nov., 1716, married Col. Nathaniel (4) Carey, of Bristol, R. I. (Benjamin (3) and Susanna Carey, John (2) and Abigail (Allen) Carey, John (1) and Elizabeth (Godfrey) Carey.)

68. Abigail Wanton, born 31 Aug., 1718, married Rev. John (2) Burt of Bristol, R. I., son of John (1) Burt of Boston.

69. Edward Wanton, born 20 May, 1722, d. y.

70. George Wanton, born May, 1724, married 19 April, 1747, Mary Hazard.

71. William Wanton, born March, 1726; married ——— Brenton, of Newport.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

6451. CARD—Who was Deborah Card of Newport, R. I., widow, who made a will July 21, 1741, recorded Sept. 10, 1742? In it she mentioned daughter Mary Stoddard, wife of William, of Oyster Bay on Long Island; grand-daughter Sarah Stoddard, grand-sonJohn Hicks, an infant; grand-daughter Elizabeth Hicks, grand-daughter Deborah Hicks, of son John Hicks.—F. B.

6452. CHACE—Would like to know the parentage of "Capt. William Chace" (perhaps a mariner, as I found was Capt. John and I think James and Jonathan of Newport), who according to a journal written by his great-granddaughter who states her Aunt Snead gave her the dates, was born in Newport, Nov. 30, 1728; he married Mary Cory of E. Greenwich, tho' she does not give the date. The family think an old seal (bearing the Chace crest and initials S. C.) belonged to Capt. William's father, and from that, and the fact that he named a son Samuel, guess that his father might have been Samuel Chace. Capt. William Chace, and his family, went to Lansingburg, N. Y., his brother, Abraham's family settled in Spencerville, near Hudson, N. Y.

"Aunt Godfrey" and "the Providence cousins" (either Chace or Godfrey) are also named in the journal. Members of Capt. John Chace's family were of Providence later. I find not a shred of evidence that Capt. William or Capt. John (who was old enough to be William's father, and had a son William living, who was a few years the junior of Capt. William,) were in any way connected with the Yarmouth-Swansey family. One great objection to that theory is that both John and William of Newport were affiliated with Trinity Church, while the Swansey stock went back to Yarmouth, were Dissenters, then Quakers and Baptists, then some of them became Sabbatarians, but so far as I have discovered very few were of the Established church as early as 1728. I incline to think that this Capt. John and Capt. William were of the same stock, but the printed records do not show me anything to identify the parents of Capt. William Chace. Would be glad for any information.—A. C.

6453. RIDER—Who were the parents of William Rider, b. 1705, d. 1796, married, Sept. 17, 1733, Abigail Kirby of Dartmouth, Mass. She was born November 27, 1711.—T. L.

6454. KEITH—Would like information concerning the ancestry of the people mentioned in the will of James Keith. The following items are taken from it, and may give needed information to some one:

James Keith of Newport, R. I., in No. America. (Mariner).

Body to be buried in the Ch. yd. of Newp. "near my late Brother's Grave." sister Christian in Scotland, in case of her death to her ch. being part of what was left to her by my late bro. John. "Near the above sum I received from Philip Mortimer of Middletown one of his exec. in 1775.

dau. of my late Aunt Margaret Lillie, md., in Aberdeen;—ch; of my late William, first to dau. Susannah, 250 L. to be equally divided among her ch. by Mr. Ellery of Hartford, their father; and to Mary Annis'ch. (2d. dau. of my late bro Wm.) 250, this being from myself and from what was left them by my late bro. Alexander.

John Lawrence, Esq. of Hartford, my lots of land in Westfield & Enfield, if they were not sold, before my late bro. John's death, the deeds of both left in the hands of Capt. Wm. Talley of Hartford the last time I was there, May, 1775.

To John Miller's son, James Keith Miller.

Dr. Moffatt. (friend)

Companion, Capt. Robert Ferguson.

Walter Challoner, Esq.

Friends, Robert Wills, his 6 sons & dau.

Duncan Stewart, Esq. late Collector of New London, Richard Borne Esq. now in London.

To Dr. Wm. Keith and his brother James in South Carolina.

Phillip Mortimer, in Middletown, Conn.

Rev. Mr. Bissett, Rev. Mr. Thurston, my honest good neighbors.

Mr. Thomas Vernon.

Negro man Lymts.

Walter Challoner and Robert Ferguson, pew in Trinity Church. Walter Challoner's eldest dau. Rem. of my est. (and also of my late bro. Alex. to whom I was ex) to the ch. of sisters in Scotland or wherever they are, ex. to apply for information to Rev. Alex. Finlay, nephew, minister in South Carolina, and to Mr. James Keith, my relation, of same province, or to Mr. John Wells. Executors, Capt. & Rob. Ferguson, Mr. John Hadwin, Mr. John Bourne, Newport, at present in Connecticut.

Aug. 8, 1778.

My eldest sister that is alive is md. to John Seymour, near Aberdeen,—— the youngest to John Hills (Kills) near do.

My sister years before death was m. to Mr. Findlay, her son is minister in S. C. My other sisters (dcsd.) before marriage. My brothers all dead.

Sept. 12, 1781.

Inventory Sept. 1, 1781.

Sworn to Sept. 15, 1781.—L. M.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for a term of years, the house at No. 54 Washington street, inner harbor, long known as the "Hunter House," for the owners, John H. Storer and others to Captain Willis C. Metcalf, U. S. Army, who removes from Fort Adams for residence in this city.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown, for the summer season, the South Putnam cottage on Racquet road, to the Misses Vernon of Newport.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented in Jamestown for the summer season for John J. Watson the cottage on Union street, known as "Sunnyside," to Dr. Robert L. Petsfield of Philadelphia.

The Pacific coast has had its disastrous steamer accident, hardly less in point of lives lost than that on the Rhode Island shore last winter, although the victims at least met a more merciful death by drowning instead of freezing.

The merger of the Boston & Maine Railroad with the N. Y., N. H. & H. is to be one of the important issues in the Bay State politics this fall. It is said that Senator Lodge, who is to preside at the coming State convention, is largely responsible for this.

The Georgia men just now are booming Bryan for the Presidency, not because they want him, but they are using him as a club to kill off Hake Smith, who thinks he is "it."

Ex-Gov. Garvin is still making Democratic speeches, notwithstanding the torrid weather. When the ex-Governor ceases to talk politics it will be when his voice is paralyzed.

A QUAINT DOCUMENT.

Minutes of the First Representative Assembly in America.

The minutes of the first representative assembly in America as written by its clerk, John Twine, constitute a quaint and interesting document. They are headed:

"A reporte of the manner of proceeding in the general assembly convented at James City, in Virginia, July 30, 1619, consisting of the governor, the counsell of estate and two burgesses elected out of eache incorporation and plantation, and being dissolved the 4th of August next ensuing."

The assembly met in the "quire of the churche." Then, "forasmuche as men's affaires doe little prosper where God's service is neglected, all the burgesses took their places in the quire till a prayer was said by Mr. Bucke, the minister, that it would please God to guide and sanctifie all our proceedings to his owne glory and the good of this plantation."

After the prayer the burgesses were summoned one by one to take the oath to the king, "none staggering at it."

The assembly at once set to work to adopt English laws to Virginian conditions. It added a series of trade regulations to restrict the production of tobacco, to keep up prices and to encourage the output of flax, silk and wine.

Thus before the Pilgrims were thinking of leaving Holland representative government was firmly established in the new world.—Exchange.

Some Southern paper thinks that Jesse R. Grant and Robert E. Lee would make good Presidential timber for 1908. It will take something more than distinguished names to fill the bill next time.

Whatever's New is Here.
Whatever's Here is New.

Nothing for generations has found such ready favor with the true lovers of home beautifying as the new school of Mission design. The simplicity of every line, the restfulness of color, the homeyness and genuine comfort which each piece suggests—all lend a charm which appeals strongly to our sense of its absolute perfectness.

Nor is the cost at all proportionate to its satisfying character. For instance, the Mission chair tells its whole story at a glance—sensible, substantial, satisfying; and yet these chairs, large, roomy arm chairs, with Spanish leather seats, are as low as $6.

Our showing of these Mission things is far greater than you'll find in most places of much larger size. Our latch string is always out for you and we shall be glad to welcome you to study the suggestions which our collection offers.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R. I.

Would You be Happier?

Make a start in life. Own your own house lot. Then build at your pleasure.

The Anthony Land Co. have subdivided the Wilbur Farm Tract into just the right sized house lots, and now offer them to the public at from 8 to 15 cents per foot.

Take a little trip out Bliss Road and see for yourself, if this is not an ideal place for a little home.

Note the short distance from the city, the beautiful view of the ocean and surrounding country. Note also that it is the right distance from the electric road, to have its convenience and escape the dust. Note that Bliss Road is macadamized.

Ask the people who purchased land of us on Malbone Road if they made any mistake.

Our policy is still the same, buy right and divide our good luck with our customers. We closed up the Malbone Road land in a hurry, and expect even better things of this. Act quickly and get your pick of the land.

Don't be afraid to ask us for further information.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS, Newport, R. I.

THE COST

of a long distance message on a hot day is more than repaid by the saving of time and energy—to say nothing of the saving in fares.

***

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LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., 142 SPRING STREET

THE POOR CAT.

One Occasion When the Animal Did Not Come Back.

When the cat died the whole family went into mourning, figuratively if not literally. No common back door cat this, but one that must be buried with all honor. The question was how and where.

Some one proposed cremation, but this was rejected on the ground that it sounded too much like lynching. It was finally proposed that the father, who had to cross a ferry every day to his place of business, should drop it overboard, and as a burial at sea rather appealed to the sentimental attitude of the family this idea was received favorably.

The following morning the remains of the cat were made into a package and securely tied. It was a lovely day, and the ferryboat was crowded with passengers, and what had seemed so simple at home assumed unexpected difficulties in the face of a curious crowd, ready to imagine anything and to put the worst construction on an apparently mysterious action.

Finally it occurred to the father that the best time would be the evening, and he could slip the cat overboard without attracting notice in the dusk. Through the day it occupied a corner of his office, and he was glad when the time came for the return trip.

He waited until the boat was well out in the stream and then, glancing around furtively, laid his hand on the package. Suddenly it struck him what would seem strange in broad daylight would seem doubly so at night.

With a smothered groan he replaced it on the seat beside him. There was no help for it—he would have to carry it home again.

As he took his seat in the train that was to convey him the rest of the way he placed the cat on the shelf above his head and for the first time that day forgot all about it. Hurrying to get off the car when he reached his destination, he was halted by some one behind him, who thrust into his hand the ill fated package.

When he reached his house he threw it down on a chair in the hall and went in to supper. In the middle of it the maid came in and asked how she should cook the meat he had brought with him?"

"Meat!" he exclaimed. "That isn't meat I it's"—

But at this moment the maid produced the package and showed him a choice piece of meat. History does not say what the man said who got the cat.—New York Sun.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A boy's idea of a hero is another boy who runs away from home.

Nothing is so often overestimated as the information given confidentially.

As a rule, what a man calls his rights represent merely desired privileges.

You may have forgotten more than the other man knows and still be a short horse.

The man who is scared into being good is the one most likely to boast of his exceeding virtue.

There are lots of ways of wasting time. Feeling sorry for yourself brings about as little returns as any.

When a man goes to church and hears a sermon which seems intended expressly for him, he never enjoys it very much.

As the prize winner in the biggest baby contest, the man who doesn't get sick very often is a strong competitor when he does.—Atchison Globe.

INVESTIGATION BEGUN

Effort to Ascertain Cause of Steamer Columbia Disaster

San Francisco, July 20.—An investigation into the cause of the wreck of the steamer Columbia, causing the loss of 90 lives, has begun here. F. Peterson, lookout on the Columbia, testified that at the time of the collision the weather was foggy and he could see only two ship lengths ahead, but he heard the whistle of the San Pedro about 15 minutes before the vessel was sighted. Quartermaster Hinner testified that the Columbia floated from five to seven minutes before going down.

The Columbia, a 300-foot steel vessel, while bound from San Francisco to Portland, Or., with 158 passengers and a crew of 60, collided with and was rammed by the San Pedro, a 170-foot wooden steamer, south-bound for this city.

The sea was smooth, but the weather was foggy. The San Pedro, looming out of the mist a few ship lengths away, bore down on the Columbia at high speed, despite frantic efforts to clear. With a grinding crash the San Pedro sank her stem fully 10 feet into the Columbia's port bow.

Hisgen Wants to Be Governor

Springfield, Mass., July 25.—Thomas L. Hisgen of this city formally announced his candidacy for the gubernatorial nomination on the Independence League ticket at a banquet last evening to Independence Leaguers. He declared that he would fight for the nomination and the office on three issues—opposition to the proposed merger between the New Haven and Boston and Maine railroads, anti-discrimination, and the demand for a reciprocal demurrage law, providing for the payment by railroads to business houses when cars are held back beyond a reasonable time for delivery.

Failure to Convict Lynchers

Charlotte, N. C., July 26.—The efforts of the state to bring to justice 23 men who took J. V. Johnson from Wadesboro jail the night of May 20, 1906, and lynched him, came to an abrupt termination last evening when the jury in the case of Zeke Lewis, the second of the lynchers to be tried, returned a verdict of not guilty. Judge Peebles stated that he would not go into the trial of another one of the men indicted, there being too much feeling in favor of the defendants to hope for a conviction.

Warships Exchange Compliments

Brest, July 26.—The departure of the United States cruisers Washington and Tennessee from Brest was attended by inspiring scenes. The American sailors were grouped about the bands, which played the Japanese national anthem while passing the Japanese ships and the "Marseillaise" while passing the French ships. The Japanese trumpeters saluted the Stars and Stripes and the heartiest cheers were given from all the warships in the harbor.

Woman Strangles Herself

Danbury, Conn., July 26.—May B. Sackett, aged 35, a member of a prominent family here, committed suicide by hanging at her home. Her body was discovered suspended from a beam in the cellar. No reason is assigned for the suicide.

It is generally held now that nearly all earthquakes are caused by the sudden giving way of subterranean rocks, which yield to the enormous strain of supporting the strata above them. Every mile of earth and rock causes a pressure of twenty-five tons or so to the square inch on the rock below it.

"Hanged" and "Hung."

Perhaps the Bible has had an influence in preventing many people from distinguishing between the uses of "hanged" and "hung," says a London writer. They "hanged" Haman, but the Jews in captivity also "hanged their harps upon the willows," and in the New Testament we read "it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck." If "hanged" was correct in either sense in the days of the authorized version, those who are not strong upon grammar may be subconsciously induced to believe that "hung" is correct in both senses now. But it is curious that the exclamation "I'll be hanged!" never appears as "I'll be hung!"

Clever Woman.

"There is no use trying to deny it," said one man to another. "Bliss is badly married. I hate to say it, but it's so."

"How do you know?"

"By a talk I have just had with him."

"Does he complain?"

"No. That's the pathetic part of it. He was telling me how good natured and clever his wife is because this morning she showed him how to fasten his braces to his trousers with a hairpin."—London Tit-Bits.

He Was Cruel.

Mrs. Nubbons—My husband is a perfect brute. Friend—You amaze me, Mrs. Nubbons—Since the baby began teething nothing would quiet the little angel but pulling his papa's beard, and yesterday he went and had his beard shaved off.—London Tit-Bits.

The Heralds' college was given its charter in 1483 by Richard III., and also a house which stood near where the present building stands.

SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Savings Bank of Newport, held Friday, July 19, 1907, the following officers and trustees were elected for the year ensuing, viz.:

President—J. Truman Burdick.
Vice President—Henry C. Stevens.
Trustees—Thomas A. Lawton, Albert K. Sherman, William K. Covell, William P. Sheffield, Jr., William H. Hammett, Peter King, G. Norman Wever, Alex. N. Barker, Anthony Stewart, William P. Buffum, William P. Carr.

At a Quarterly Meeting of the Trustees of the Savings Bank held on the adjournment of said annual meeting, the following officers were elected for the year ensuing, viz.:

Treasurer—Grant P. Taylor.
Assistant Treasurer—Harry G. Wilks.
Secretary—William H. Hammett.
Bookkeeper—Edwin S. Burdick.
Counsel—Clark Burdick.
Auditing Committee—Henry C. Stevens, J. Truman Burdick.
Standing Committee—J. Truman Burdick, William H. Hammett, Alex. N. Barker, Albert K. Sherman, Anthony Stewart.

7-27 WILLIAM H. HAMMETT, Sec.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

ON and after this date the carcasses of all animals dying within the limits of the city of Newport shall be disposed of in the manner prescribed by this board, and all such carcasses shall be turned over to Harvey S. Copeland for disposal, and the carcasses of no animal dying within the city limits shall be disposed of in any other way.

Information as to the existence of carcasses of dead animals transmitted to the following address will receive prompt attention. Office of the Board of Health per Harvey S. Copeland, telephone 1056.

JOSEPH HAIRE, President.

July 20, 1907—7-27

173d Dividend.

SAVINGS BANK OF NEWPORT

THE TRUSTEES of this institution have declared a semi-annual dividend at the rate of four (4) per cent. per annum on all deposits by the rules entitled thereto, payable on and after Saturday, July 20, 1907.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

Newport, R. I., July 19, 1907—7-27

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, July 13th, 1907.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport Administrator of the estate of STEPHEN E. GRATRIX, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

7-13-3w WILLIAM F. GRATRIX.

SUMMER READING.

THE SCARLET CAR, By R. H. Davis.
THE TRUTH ABOUT THE CASE, M. F. Goron.
THE OLD HOME HOUSE, By Jos. Lincoln.
TO THE CREDIT OF THE SEA, By L. Mott.
THE LADY OF THE BLUE MOTOR, By G. Paternoster.
THE GREAT AMERICAN PIE COMPANY, By Author of "Pigs is Pigs."

CARR'S,

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

Vanity Fair

East Providence, . . Rhode Island

LEADS ALL SUMMER AMUSEMENT RESORTS

—IT HAS—

Fighting the Flames

And Countless Other Attractions

SHORE DINNERS and RHODE ISLAND CLAMBAKES Are our Specialty.

N. B. Special rates and other inducements for Outings to Clubs, Societies and Kindred Organizations.

6-29-tf

Newport Casino.

Music for the Season of 1907.

On and after Monday, July 8,

MORNING CONCERTS Every Week Day From 11 to 1 o'clock.

Concerts Every Wednesday, Afternoon from 3 to 5.

Sunday Evening Concerts, Beginning at 8 o'clock.

Cleveland House

27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

Rates, $2.00 Per Day.

SPECIAL RATES BY THE WEEK OR MONTH.

Apply to
2-3 CORNELIUS MORIARTY, Prop'r.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculists' prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—5:30 p. m.

A Full Line of all the

NEW AND Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

FOR SALE BY

Fernando Barker.

Just Out!

Six New Panoramic Post Cards.

TRAINING STATION,
WASHINGTON SQUARE
BEACON ROCK,
THE BEACH,
HARBOR FRONT,
THE CLIFFS.

2 for 5 Cents.

SOLD BY

Geo. H. Carr, Wm. P. Clarke, Chas. B. Dadley, 5 & 10 Cent Store, Landers & Son, Wm. E. Mumford, W. T. Rutherford, D. E. Sullivan, A. A. Stacy, S. S. Thompson, Washington Square News Stand, J. T. Allen & Co. and by the publishers,

MERCURY PUBLISHING COMPANY

214 Thames Street.

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WASHINGTON SQUARE,

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Under entirely new management.
Newly furnished suites with bath up to date.
Rates, $3 up. Special Rates by the Week.
2-23 F. H. WISWELL, Prop.

McLELLAN & HEALD

SAILMAKERS

AWNINGS, TENTS AND FLAGS
BOAT COVERS, CUSHIONS
SPRAY HOODS AND FENDERS

Commercial Wharf, Newport, R. I.

NEWPORT DIRECTORY For 1907.

THE CANVASS for the Newport Directory for 1907 is just finished and if any persons have made changes since the canvasser called, or are in doubt as to whether or not the information was correctly given when he did call, will send notice of the same to the News store of William P. Clarke, 264 Thames street, at once, the correction will be made before printing. 6-1-tf

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8-9 Real Estate Agent.